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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Memoirs of Mr. William Veitch and George Brysson, written by themselves: with other Narratives illustrative of the History of Scotland, from the Restoration to the Revolution. To which are added, Biographical Sketches and Notes. By Thomas M'Crie, D.D. 8vo, pp. 540. Edinburgh, 1825. Blackwood. London. Cadell.

In the Memoirs of William Veitch, we have the incidents of the life of a Presbyterian minister during fifty years of the conclusion of the 17th and beginning of the 18th centuries: in those of George Brysson, we have the adventures of a layman, a merchant in Edinburgh, of the same religious principles, during nearly the same period. Both are curious, though not equally so; for Veitch's account of persecutions, escapes, treasons, &c. &c. as a Covenanter, are only possessed of moderate interest, till he finally settled in quietness at Dunfries; whereas Brysson's history of his miraculous experiences in favour of the Covenant, is exceedingly well written, and altogether an entertaining piece of biography.

But we do not know that we would put this volume in front of our Gazette this week, were it not that we have it in our power (thanks to the kindness of a friend), to illustrate it with some as remarkable original matter as was ever, perhaps, given to the public respecting the times of the "Holy League and Covenant," the kirk discipline, and the extraordinary state of Scotland at that memorable period. This we will do from the manuscript records of that very parish where Mr. Veitch closed his mortal career, beginning so early as five years before his birth, namely, in 1635, and embracing an epoch of nearly thirty years. Many, most of the entries in the Session Book, are, we regret to say, of a nature not fit for publication; but we trust to be able to quote such a number of them with propriety, as will display a system of general and individual religious inquisition, before which ought that can now be imagined possible of the Roman Catholic church, with its confessions, indulgences, pardons, absolutions, and penalties, must sink into insignificance,—and of assumption of legal and political power equal to what any church, even in the darkest ages, ever ventured to claim.

Dr. M'Crie, in his preface, proves the authenticity of his MSS., and states who are their possessors; but they carry with them sufficient internal testimony of their authenticity. Indeed there is no reason to doubt them; and the only question which arises, is as to their value. Mr. William Veitch was one of a ministerial family; for his father, and two of his brothers, were ministers of the kirk. He was born in 1640, and, in consequence of the struggles of ensuing years, after he reached the age of manhood, became proscribed, and had to fly for his life to Holland; where he remained and preached till the change of events permitted him to return to his native country. Of the "several remarkable providences and singular deliverances, he was tried with," we shall not follow the thread; suffice it to exemplify them, and his style of telling them, by an extract or two. About

the year 1671, while hiding and preaching in the north of England, he says,

"Being prevailed with by that people to bring his family into the north, that he might be some way useful among them, he removed his wife and two sons, William and Samuel, in creels, from Edinburgh into a village called Farnley, farming a piece of ground from Charles Hall, who was owner of that place and village, within the parish of Rodberry in Northumberland. After some years wandering, he had found that lot much embittered with his great and almost continual distance from his wife and family, as also with the great troubles they underwent, (parties of soldiers besetting and breaking up the doors at midnight,) so that he resolved to transport them into Northumberland; neither his affection nor ability serving to carry them farther at that time, he being forlorn life and fortune and all that he had taken from him, except a little they knew not of.

"But they were not well settled there (though in a moorish retired place) when their neighbours of the Romish gang, which abode there, did stir up the Lord Whiterington to make some small meetings that he had. It being about the time of the English indulgence, he presented a commission to apprehend and secure all ministers that had not the king's license, and inking behoove that this stranger had scarce, ends of time to procure one of the licenses. He accompanied with Esquire Thornton, a gentleman, and several other gentlemen came to the minister's landlord, whom they sent to see for the license, and finding one, which indeed was come but the preceding day, went away with a great disappointment.

"This liberty occasioned him to be called five miles farther into the country, and to farm an house suitable to the work, called Harmanhall, belonging to Major Babington, where the auditory increased daily. The very report made several persons come to see the novelty, and satisfy their curiosity; of some of whom, it can be said, they went not as they came; for the profanation of the Sabbath by baking their bread, starching their clothes, mucking their byres, &c. was wonderfully reformed by his preaching on Sabbath sanctification.

"Likewise many Anabaptists, who keep seventh-day Sabbath, came to hear, and being taken with the ordinances, did also keep our Sabbath, and were punctual attenders. One young gentlewoman who was married to a Presbyterian, after the baptism of her first child, was long under trouble of mind, and confessed that shame kept her long back; but coming over all at length, stood up in the congregation, and making a savoury confession of her faith, was baptized—(it was a weeping day, and I think did more good than many sermons)—which did much good in the corner, several following her example. By this and other motives the meeting still increasing, by many who lived at a great distance, they would have come ten miles on the one side, and as far on the other.

"And here I cannot pass a remarkable story concerning a village called Fenick or Phenwick, about five miles off this meeting, where a godly

weaver and his wife lived, who were the scorn of the place for their piety, and used to steal in the back way to their own houses; but being discovered by a number of young men playing at the foot-ball on Sabbath afternoon, they left their game coming to mock them; but the honest man addressing himself to some of them who were of good age, after he had laid before them the danger of such an open profanation of the Sabbath, he invites three or four of them, but to go once along with him and hear sermon, and it might be that they would change their thoughts; and if they were not persuaded to go again, yet he hoped they might be so far convinced as not any more to mock him for going. These went with him next day, and it pleased the Lord that they got that which made them invite others, and they others, till the most part of the town came; and family worship, with Sabbath reformation, was so remarkable there, that it was the talk of the country about, and greatly increased the clergy.

"Whilst the bulwark of indulgence continued, we preached peaceably, although some of several offices, professions, and qualities, meanwhile were sharpening their teeth and soaring, which visibly appeared upon the back of that proclamation recalling the liberty. For Sir Thomas Loraine of Kirkharle, a justice of the peace, being instigated, as is confidently reported by several of his pot companions, the execrable, did once and again issue out warrants to the high and petty constables of that ward to apprehend him; which proving ineffectual, he, to gain his point, retrieve his credit, and gratify the renewed desires of his aforementioned friends, drinking one Saturday afternoon with him in his own house, did solemnly promise that the next Sabbath, which was then very nigh, he would go himself in person and apprehend him, and consequently, once for all, put a stop to that meeting. But not many hours after, if any, he by an unusual mean got his leg broke, so that for many weeks he could not travel: his lady, Sir John Fenwick's sister, calling him out from the instigators to the stair-head, being in a passion, kicked him down stairs for selling four oxen and spending the price of them in drinking.

"The clergy then resolved to make use of their instruments of death, seeing his were blunted; and that they may be completely furnished and sharpened effectually to do the work, one Parson Ward of Kirkharle goes up to the chief grinder and polisher, at Durham, viz. the bishop, and no doubt returned, as he thought, well armed for the destruction, not only of this, but of other non-conforming ministers and people about: and being so well pleased that the bishop had given him and his brethren about orders to excommunicate all of them, &c. But being a considerable way off his church on Sabbath (being detained by the parson of Ponteland who drank all night together) rides so hard to be home in time, that he tired his horse by the way, and not being able to get him on alone, he hires the herdman of Harman, the town where this minister lived, to lead him, taking his club to drive him on. But while he is unmercifully (as it is like) beating the poor beast, it doth (with-

out respect had to his coat, the canons, or the orders he carried) smite him violently with his foot upon the cheek bone until the blood gushed out and he fell; and so like the ass in sacred story presaged his unsuccessfulness. The boy that led the horse runs into a lady's house hard by; the old gentlewoman sent out the two servants that waited on her (the rest being at church) with a barrow, and they with the boy carried him in. She dressed his wound, and he lay there several weeks under cure; by which providence their malicious design at that time was disappointed, and I am credibly informed he carries the mark of that stroke to this day.

"After he had preached four years in a hall at Harnam, the house and ground pertaining thereto got a new master, one Thomas Dawson, a roper in Newcastle, who, upon reasons best known to himself, refused to continue this minister his tenant, and thereby that meeting was dissolved; yet he was a dissenter, and his riches melted away afterwards.

"This occasioned his removal to Stantonhall."

Thus were the Covenanters persecuted; we shall see anon how they deserved it, and how they acquitted themselves in return; and we shall thus learn to feel very little pity for either side, except for their violence, tyranny, and inhumanity.

Sometimes Mr. Veitch flies at higher game than his personal knowledge warrants; witness the following account of the death of Charles the Second.

"Now the king's business with Allington was this—to take his advice, he being a wise man, and one of his greatest confidants at that time, about what measures he should make use of to prevent the Duke of York and his cabal's destroying of him; for he saw now it was inevitably a-coming. To which Allington replied, 'Sir, you have brought it upon yourself, by your turning out Monmouth out of all his places, especially his command over the guards about your person, and suffering such to be put in who were York's creatures.' 'But what shall I do now?' said the king? 'Sir,' said he, 'I neither can nor dare advise you in that matter; for if it be heard, as likely it will, it may hasten both our ruins.' The king promised solemnly to keep it secret, and would not part with him till he told him, and that he would presently put them in execution; and whatever befel him he should never discover or wrong Allington; and they paroled upon it. 'Now,' says he, 'Sir, my advice is this, that seeing within a few weeks the appointed time will be that the Duke of York is obliged to go to Scotland, to hold the next session of his parliament, take care to give him his commission, and send him timely away; and when he is there, send for Monmouth, restore him to all his places, and remove from the court all persons that are suspected to favour York's interest, as also out of your guards, and double them. When this is once done, he being in Scotland, we will see then what is farther to be done.'

"This proved a costly advice to them both, for no doubt but there were some overhearing behind the curtain, who told all to York, as appears by the event. A little after, the king sends for his brother, telling him he must ready to go down for Scotland, the time drawing near for his keeping the next session of their parliament, he would presently expedite his commission, and upon such a day he must take journey. At which discourse the duke seemed to be much displeased, telling his majesty it was a thing he could not at all undertake at this juncture; for he having a great trade at Calais and other foreign places, and many years' accounts to clear with

these foreign factors, wherein he and other great merchants in the city were concerned, being now upon their journey, he must needs stay to clear with them, and therefore desired earnestly to be excused. To which the king replied, 'James, either you must go, or I must go.' And speaking these words with a kind of question, the duke as briskly replied, 'He would not go; and so took his leave. Then going home, and calling his friends and cabal, he told them what passed: and that he perceived the king resolved to follow Allington's measures. After which, his cabal he trusted in resolved among themselves, that they would go to their houses, and put themselves in such a posture as that they might return within so many hours; no doubt, to such a secret place where they might sit without parting, until they had defeated the king's resolutions, and brought their purposes, if possible, to the intended issue. And if the information be true, which the event seems to make probable, they all unanimously resolved to begin with Allington, and see if they could take him off by poison; which they did by bribing his cook and master-household; which took place, and, if my memory fail not, says the relator, he either died on the Friday's night or morning. For York had a spy to tell him so soon as ever his breath went out; and the cabal resolved, that if the business took, the Duke of York should be the first that should carry the news to the king, lamenting such a heavy loss, to blind the matter. And it is said that he made such haste, for fear any should be before him, that he ran to the court at the highest, with one of his shoes down in the heel, and one of his stockings untied. Yet he was prevented, for one of my lord's servants had just come before him, and told that his master was dead suddenly, and undoubtedly poisoned. York coming in in the mean time, not hearing this made his lamentation that Allington, his friend, was dead; a very sad stroke to the court. 'Aye,' says the king, 'and his servant thinks he was poisoned: I wish you have not a hand in it, of which, if I were sure, you should presently be to the Tower: for I am like to be next.' But the duke intreating his majesty to have no such thoughts, and acknowledging his fault in refusing to go to Scotland at their last meeting, said, he was now resolved to comply with his majesty's commands, and take journey next week for Scotland, come of his business what would: and therefore desired his majesty to expedite his commission next week, that he might not be hindered. Now these were the words that he and his cabal had concerted further to blind the king withal, that so they might better effectuate their next resolution.

"The king believing him to speak seriously, and, that he might yet accomplish what Allington had advised him, when the duke was gone for Scotland, ordered his commission to be instantly drawn, that he might go down to hold the foresaid parliament. In the mean time, the duchess of Portsmouth, his present mistress or whore, that the king of France had sent him and who influenced him as she pleased to the French measures, not being pleased with the Duke of York's maltreating the king in refusing to go to Scotland, his cabal thought fit that the duke should go to her and acknowledge his rashness with the king, and beg that she would interpose for their amicable reconciliation, which she promised to do; and telling her that, he being to go away upon Monday or Tuesday next to obey his majesty's commands in Scotland, the best way and time to do it was to sup with her grace on sabbath night, and she might invite any of the court there that she thought fit; to which she consented. When he came back, and told his

cabal what was done, they said, 'Then our business is like to do.' So they ordered the duke to send a good quantity of all sorts of wines and good liquors, especially claret, which the king loved; that so she might be induced to entertain them liberally and long that night. And, the king being sotted with drink, it being usual, in such a case, to drink a good deal of coffee for a cure, they had liberally bribed his coffee-man to poison his coffee; and some of York's faction, in that case, when he was so drunk, was to advise the duchess to keep him all night, to save him the trouble of going to his own room. Likewise knowing that, in the morning, when he first awoke, he made use of much snuff, they hired the duchess's chambermaid to put in the poisoned snuff into his box, and take out what was in it before. And so nothing doubting but their design now would take place, they ordered a spy to give an account of his carriage when he awoke, timously, before any of the court should know it. When he awoke he cried out 'he was deadly sick,' and calling for his snuff-box, he took a deal of it; but still growing worse, he sent for his servants to put on his clothes, which when they were doing he staggered. So he got to the window, and leaned upon it, crying, 'I'm gone, I'm poisoned; have me quickly into my chamber.'

The duke getting notice, came running in haste, all undrest, to lament his brother's fate, saying, 'Alas! Sir, what's the matter?' who answered, 'O, you know too well,' and was in great passion at him. In the mean time he called for his closet-keeper to fetch him out an antidote against poison, that a German mountebank had given him, and assured him it would instantly cure him whenever he suspected it; but it could not be found, neither his physicians, being, as it was thought, sent out of town. When he saw all these things fail him, being enraged at his brother, he made at him; but he having secured all the entries to the court, that the sentry should tell, if any courtiers or bishops, upon the news, should offer to come in to see how the king was. They were to tell them that he was gone to bed out of order, and had discharged all access to him that he might be quiet. And in the mean time the duke seeing him in such a rage, and that the poison was not like to do so quickly, set four ruffians upon him, at which he crying out so as he was heard, they presently choked him in his cravat, and so beat him in the head that he instantly died. It is said that his head swelled bigger than two heads; and also that his body stunk so with the poison and other things, that none could stay in the room. And it is said, that in the dead of the night they were forced to carry him out and bury him incognito.

However the room was kept quiet, that none had access to the supposed sick king, as if he had been lying still in bed. None was admitted to that room but those who were true friends to York, who made the people believe he was still alive, but dangerously ill. And when his council met, and had concerted what measures to follow upon the supposition of his death, (an embargo being laid upon all ships for that time, that none might carry abroad the rumour of his sickness,) then they gave out the news of his being just now dead toward the latter of the week; and, as they had concerted in council, the duke of York was proclaimed king."

With Bryson's Memoirs we shall, as with Veitch's, content ourselves by extracting a few specimens; but these we must reserve, in order to make room here for our promised original illustrations, to show what the discipline of the

Church of Scotland was about two hundred years ago! The records are those of Dumfries.

" 10 Decr. 1635. Adam Nesbit is ordained to pay 20 shillings to the Poor, for not haunting the church.

" 28 April, 1636. In the slander, Aitken, shoemaker, ag^t. Dickson, shoemaker: the session conceiving the points of the Bill to be criminal, have enacted the said Aitken, under the pain of 40 pounds, to pursue the said Dickson for Theft; and that within 40 days, otherwise he shall be reputed as the slanderer. [Thus the church got into secular and legal affairs.]

" 8 July, 1636. The Lady Elshishields, the Lady Craigs, Marion Geddes, Arch^d. Beattie, Rob. M'Brair, and his whole Household, or-dained to be summoned for not haunting the church.

" 27 Octob. Anent the general outcry of the honest people of this town, concerning the great oversight that is committed by many, in setting of houses to idle persons, having no lawful vocations or callings, but filching and purloining other folks' goods, as stealing of their corns, peats, truffs, &c. For remedie whereof, the Session have nominate and appointed certain honest men of their number, to search through all the quarters of the town, if any such persons can be apprehended, and having found them, that they shall delate them to the Session, &c. [Thus the civil power and police is assumed.]

" Same date. Compeared Marg^t. Newland, for being in suspect places with Alex^t. Gibson, (she notwithstanding being enact of her own consent, never to come in any suspect place with the said Alex^t.) is ordained to sit one day in the pillar publicly.

" In the slander, James Wilson ag^t. Agnes Douglas, she is convict and ordained to crave his forgiveness on her knees, and pay 40 shillings to the poor.

" In the slander, Marg^t. Gordon ag^t. Marg^t. Tait, because of the probation being slender, Tait is ordained only to sit down on her knees in the Session house, and crave Gordon's forgiveness, in respect Tait purged herself by her great oath that she never uttered any such words, she is then assuited.

" Arch^d. Stewart, several times summoned, if he disobey again, the minister is appointed to ex-communicate him.

" 1637. Compears John Fleming who being accused for cohabiting with Sarah Carlyle, is ordained under the pain of 20 lbs, not only to abstain from her company in suspect places, but likewise to thrust her out of his house, and in the meantime she is ordained to remain in the Tolbooth.

" Adam Cunningham for adultery is ordained to appear before the Presbytery in Sackcloth, and there confess his fault, and thereafter be remitted to the Session. John Black for the same offence to sit seven sabbaths in sackcloth, and the first and last to stand barefooted at the church door, between the second and the last Bell.*

" Thomas Meik for slandering Agnes Fleming is ordained instanter to stand in the gargets at the Throne till 12 o'clock, and thereafter, upon his bare knees, to ask her forgiveness at the mercat cross.

" Janet Jardine is enacted under the pain of 20 lbs never henceforth to be heard scolding.

" James Maxwell, Messenger, undertook to present his wife for not communicating [taking the sacrament] next week: [Others are ordered to communicate; others fined for not doing so; and the nearest relations are compelled to give up each other].

* A woman, Janet Wilson, for the same offence is sentenced to the same punishment.

" Compeared the Lady Middlebie, who being challenged for not communicating, alledged she was sick that day. Notwithstanding of this her frivolous excuse, she is ordained to go to the New Abbey, to the communion and there communicate with certification if she fail, the Presbyterie will go on with the Excommunication against her. [Others are ordered in the same manner, otherwise they are held to be affected to Popery].

" Bessie Grier, for fornication, is ordained to remove out of the town [banished]. James Maxwell brother to Drumcoultram, is to sit three Sabbaths in the Pillar, and pay one dollar to the poor.

" Compeared Peter Moffat, with his Wife and Mother in law, And the whole Session challenging his Mother in law, that she had enticed, at least used means for diverting her daughter's affection from the said Peter, this longtyme bygane, she is ordained to go to Jayle, aye and while she find Caution to make her daughter cohabit with her own husband.

" 1633. February. Compeared Janet Maxwell, spouse to Palmerland, accused of adultery with John Home of Dalswinton. The whole session, upon weighty reasons, have simpliciter voted her purgation; and withal, she is enacted, of her own consent, that in case she shall be apprehended or found, with the said John, in any suspect [suspicious] place, it shall be reputed and holden as confessed Adultery. [These were persons of the highest rank under nobility].

" R. Anderson accused of associating with Marg^t Milligan is ordained to go to Jayle, till he give satisfaction to the Church. Every one of the inhabitants of Kelton is fined 6 shillings for every day's absence from Church, toties quoties.

" Marcus Loch for his disorderly manner of marriage in England, contrary to the discipline of the Kirk, is fined 40 lbs, and James Horner for accompanying him to witness his marriage, is ordained to confess his error on the Pillar.

" 1640, January. It is statute and ordained, by the common consent of the Whole Session, That None Inhabitant in this Town, reset, or take into the that house, Nurses, to give their Children Suck; unless they bring with them famous testimonials, under the hand of the Minister where they did reside, that they have fully satisfied the Church and Ordinances; otherwise they are hereby discharged of any entry.

" John M'Ghie is acted under the pain of Banishment to dishant the company of Agnes Welsh.

" July. John M'Courtie remitted by the presbytery to the censure of this Session, for his often falling into sin with Isobel Wright. They both are ordained to resort to the Pillar in Sackcloth the ensuing Sabbath, and there in face of the whole congregation, cancel and destroy the paper which they brought from England of their unlawful marriage, and disclaim the same, and for ever dishant her company. [Here we have an English marriage punished as a crime, and a peremptory divorce pronounced.] Again,

" John Maxwell, one of the Elders of the Session, for accompanying his brother, Adam Maxwell and Agnes Sharp over the March, to their unlawful way of marriage, contrarie to the church discipline of this Kirk, is removed off the Session by the voice of the whole members thereof, and ordained to pay 20 punds to the poor.

" James Ferguson, merchant, for going over the March with Isobel Morrison to Sir Abimelech parson of Rowcliffe, contrarie to the National Covenant of this Kirk and Kingdom, is ordained to sit one day in the Pillar, and declare before the congregation his gross offence; and pay an 100 punds to the poor.

" 1641. Marion M'Brair, for a fourth fault in departing from virtue, is ordayne to be carted through the town and banished. T. Kirkpatrick for a like offence, long before his marriage, is ordayne to ask God's forgiveness privately in the Session house, and to pay 40 shillings. Bessie Black, third offence, to sit six sabbaths and on the Cross-in-the-Jougs. Agnes Blunt, known to be a vile is ordayne to be taken to Jayle, and from thence to be conveyed out of this towne by the officers; and in case, henceforth, she shall be found within the towne, she, of her own consent, embraced scourging.

" January 28. The Session resenting the great slackness and remissness of several persons in resorting to God's house, but more especially these of the Landwart parish, have for remedie thereof, statute and ordained that every gentleman of note in the parish shall pay, for every day's absence from the Kirk, 30 shillings, toties quoties; every burgess 12 shillings; and every farmer or servant 4 shillings, toties quoties.

" March, 1642. Euphania Thomson and Janet Johnson, servants, for scolding each other, are to be put into the Jougs [a sort of pillory, with an iron ring for the neck] presently.

" Agnes Welsh is hereby enacted, that if any time she shall be heard to scold or upbraid Andrew Stewart, or his wife, the Lady Middlebie, with any contumelious speeches, or waiting at their windows in the night; ipso facto, she is content to embrace Banishment. [Banishment for such an offence as scolding or upbraiding is a strong measure!]

" John Clerk, taylor, for being observed to shave sundry of this Burgh on the Lord's Day in the morning, is commanded that henceforwards he be not found in the like breach of the Lord's Day, under the penalty of ten punds. [A woman for gathering cale, cabbage, is likewise fined and set in the pillar.]

" 1643. Robert Smith, called Kilroy, for habitual cursing and drunkenness, to declare his re-pentance publicly the next Sabbath; and is enacted, under the pain of banishment, not to be found in the like sins."

" 1644. A man and his wife for slander are sentenced to stand at the Kirk Style with the banks in their mouths, &c.

This year May-games are forbidden, and in 1645, we find the following characteristic entry:

" Thursday, 19 June. Dorothy Herries and Marion Hairson, for going to Saint Jurgon's Well on the first Sunday in May, in ane superstitious way, to fetch the waters thereof; are ordained to acknowledge their offence, on Sunday, in the body of the kirk.

" 1646, August 27. Compeared David Alexander, with Helen Yeaman his wife; and the said David having conceived a jealousy betwixt Chas^t. Edgar, merchant, and the said Helen, required the Oath of the said Charles, &c. who being deeply sworn, deponed negative. And the said David is enacted, under the pain of 20 punds, not to cast up any such thing to his spouse henceforth. And also the said Charles is enacted under the like pain, to dishant the woman's company, in any case.

Nathaniel Bailie for slandering the whole town, in sundrie naughtie and base expressions in averring that he was too highly stent [rated] in public burdens, is ordained to stand in the pillar, and pay 40 shillings!

Jas. Hitcheon, merchant, confessed his gross fault in drinking James Graham's health, is ordained to acknowledge his offence upon his knees in the Session House, and pay a dollar to the poor.

" 1647. The minister is to intamate on Sunday next, that whatsoever person shall reset or enter

tain any fornicator or delinquent in that kind (after acknowledging of their fault, and censure), shall pay X merks, totes quotes.

" By Ordinance of the Synod of Dumfries, It is to be intimated out of all the pulpits therein, That the persons after-written are *Excommunicate*, and that none reset them, nor resort to them, without licence of Presbyteries or other Kirk Judicatories, upon evidence of necessary and just cause, asked and given, under peril of *Ecclesiastic Censures*: They are to say, John Lord Heries; Dame Elizabeth Beaumont, Countess of Nithsdale; Dame Elizabeth Maxwell, Lady Heries Elder; Elizabeth Maxwell, Ladie Kirkconnell, Elder; Helen Maxwell, Lady Mabie, Elder; James Maxwell of Kirkconnell, alias, Master of Maxwell; James Lindsay of Auchenskeoch, Elder; John Lindsay, his eye; Roger Lindsay of Maynes; Fras Lindsay, his brother; Cuthbert Browne, brother in law to Maynes; Gilbt. Browne of Bakbie; Wm. and Robt. Maxwells, brothers to the Laird of Conhaith; —— Maxwell, sister to Ump^r Sir John Maxwell, of Conhaith; Agnes and Janet Maxwellis his daughters; Marion Maxwell, Ladie Wauchope, elder; Barbara Maxwell, Ladie Auchinfrance; Grizel Geddes, Gudwyfe of Drumcoltran, elder; John Little; John Maxwell, called Captain John; Elespeth Heries, Gudwyfe of Crochmore; Margaret A. Hannay in Kirkgunzeon; Effie Beattie, sometime in Colledd; Wm. Thomson and his Wyfe, in Traqueer; John Maxwell of Mylne-stone, alias, John of Logane; John Glendynnyng, of Parton; Rob. McLellan of Nuntonne; Elizabeth Young, Beliet of Doctor Honyman; Isabel Honyman, daughter to the said Dr. Ho-

" Thursday, 29 April. *The Session give liberty to Mr. John Carson and Mr. Cuthbert Cunningham to speak with the Lord Heries, notwithstanding he be excommunicate: Is it respect they both have sundrie business of good---wi his Lordship. And withall they are admonished to refrain their wondred freedom in drinking, with certification if they do in the contrair, they shall make answer.*

" Likewise grants the same liberty, to Robt. Newall auncit his affaers with Maynes and John Maxwell of Mylne-stone."

With this remarkable example of the high powers assumed by the Covenanters in the day of their ascendancy (two years before the death of Charles I.) we shall for the present conclude; adding only one other instance of the exercise of an authority reaching the penalty of death, and making a child answerable for the appearance of his own parent.

" 23d Sept. Compeared Catherine Geddes, upon Tweed, and became acted under the pain of DEATH, that she shall be forthcoming to this session upon demand, and not escape off this Towne, for alledged concealing the parents of ane chyld, which was brought to her House; whereof she did nor acquine the session: and William Sinclair her son is acted to present his mother!"

By way of note it may be observed, that during the twelve years embraced by these extracts there occur about three proclamations of marriage by banns; while not a week passes without pains being inflicted for adultery &c. In hundreds of cases the marriages result from previous intercourse. Offences at the distance of five or more years are raked up for kirk censure, fine and imprisonment.

We read of ministers, elders, and commissioners to regiments; and the currency seems to have been of a very mixed character, such as an-golds of gold, merks (not a coin, we believe) pounds, dollars, shillings, &c. &c.

TALES OF THE CRUSADERS: THE BETROTHED. THOUGH by no means so good a Tale as the Talisman, there are a few scenes in the Betrothed worthy of the master hand from which they are derived. Three or four of the characters are also finely and boldly drawn; but we do not feel the interest so great: some of the incidents are altogether improbable; and the very marrow of the story—the prophecy on which the fate of the heroine depends—is not only supernatural, but forced rather than completely made out by the sequel. This last is a striking fault: for if we are to have the interference of Spectres, we ought at least to have so much respect for their superior intelligence as not to subject their foredoom to the same contingencies as if they were merely human hopes.

Entertaining these opinions, and knowing how very generally these volumes will have been read before this page meets the public eye (for here we have the reverse of *Pepys*), we shall adhere strictly to the intention expressed in our last, and be as concise as is expedient in the present instance.

From the Introduction, which is rather abortive in the way of wit and humour, we learn that Sir Walter Scott is about to write a history of Buonaparte: this we had heard of before, as a favourite scheme of his Publisher, Mr. Constable, but were not aware that it was really undertaken, which we now presume it is.

The Welsh borders, about seven hundred years ago, in the time of our second Henry, were lawless and bloody. The Norman conquerors of England were pressing on the bounds of the ancient Britons, still protected by their mountain

rocks and courage, and a warfare of inextinguishable hatred was waged on both sides. Not far from Chester, according to the romance, a strong castle, called the Garde Doloureuse, was maintained by an old and gallant knight, Sir Raymond de Berenger, whose only daughter, Eveline, is the heroine of the tale. She is demanded in marriage by Gwenwyn, King or Prince of Powys, and refuses him; upon which the fiery Welchman makes a furious inroad upon the marches, and especially against the Castle of De Berenger. The latter, instead of availing himself of the protection of his walls till succour should arrive, sallies out (in consequence of a chivalrous promise formerly given over the wine cup) and meets his multitudinous antagonists in the open field, where he is defeated, and killed by Gwenwyn. The castle, however, under a Flemish artizan (Wilkin Flammock, the most original and far the best portrait in the piece), sustains the assault of the Cymry, till they in turn are overthrown by the Norman forces under Hugo de Lacy, Constable of Chester, and their prince slain.

The Constable proposes for the hand of Eveline, and a miraculous demonstration of the Virgin, to whom she pays her vows in the chapel of the Garde Doloureuse, induces her to consent to their nuptials; though Damian de Lacy, a brave and handsome nephew of the Constable, appears, from his age and accomplishments, to be a fitter instrument for accomplishing an union of the families. Eveline is taken to Gloucester, where her aunt (sister to her father, and a proud Norman) is abbess, to abide there till her marriage.—On her way she visits the Lady Ermenegarde, her grand-aunt (by the mother's line), and an arrogant Saxon as the other branch are Norman—cherishing too an equal and long-rooted antipathy; and here, a *Bahr-geist*, or Spectre, which foreshows the destinies of her family, appals her with the announcement of misfortune through life. The doom is pronounced in two lines:

" Widow'd wife and wedded maid,
Betray'd, betrayer, and betrayed."

The story proceeds to develop this prediction. She is betrothed to the Constable, but he is compelled to fulfil a vow of three years' devotion to the Crusade, before their marriage is consummated. During his absence the Castle of Garde Doloureuse (though left with its mistress under the charge of Damian) is exposed to many vicissitudes: Eveline is carried off by a false De Lacy (Randal), but rescued by Damian:—Damian, severely wounded, is removed into the castle and tended by the Lady:—reports circulate to their disadvantage, and circumstances get Damian to be suspected as a disloyal traitor to the King:—the castle is taken by the royal forces, and the youthful couple are in imminent peril, when Hugo de Lacy arrives from Palestine, discovers their good faith, and Randal being assassinated by a Welsh bard (in revenge for Gwenwyn, but mistaking him for his relative), the whole ends happily.

We have abstained from being more minute, in order that we might not deprive *The Betrothed* of its interest with those who may see our Gazette first. We now give an example of its contents:—the defence of the castle, after the death of the Castellan.

" The garrison was divided, as military skill dictated, in groups, on the points most liable to attack, or from which an assailing enemy might be best annoyed; and it was this unavoidable separation of their force into small detachments, which shewed to disadvantage the extent of walls, compared with the number of the defenders: and though Wilkin Flammock had contrived several means of concealing this deficiency of force from the enemy, he could not disguise it from the defenders of the castle, who cast mournful glances on the length of battlements which were unoccupied save by sentinels, and then looked out to the fatal field of battle, loaded with the bodies of those who ought to have been their comrades in this hour of peril!

" The presence of Eveline did much to rouse the garrison from this state of discouragement. She glided from post to post, from tower to tower of the old grey fortress, as a gleam of light passes over a clouded landscape, and, touching its various points in succession, calls them out into beauty and effect. Sorrow and fear sometimes make sufferers eloquent. She addressed the various nations who composed her little garrison, each in appropriate language. To the English, she spoke as children of the soil—to the Flemings, as men who had become denizens by the right of hospitality—to the Normans, as descendants of that victorious race, whose sword had made them the nobles and sovereigns of every land where its edge had been tried. To them she used the language of chivalry, by whose rules the meanest of that nation regulated, or affected to regulate, his actions. The English she reminded of their good faith and honesty of heart; and to the Flemings she spoke of the destruction of their property, the fruits of their honest industry. To all she proposed vengeance for the death of their leader and his followers— to all she recommended confidence in God and Our Lady of the Garde Doloureuse; and she ventured to assure all, of the strong and victorious bands that were already in march to their relief.

" Will the gallant champions of the cross," she said, " think of leaving their native land, while the wail of women and of orphans is in their ears?—it were to convert their pious purpose into mortal sin, and to derogate from the high fame they have so well won. Yes—fight but valiantly, and perhaps, before the very sun

" In slight touch of sun the breach mock had the imput but he cold hastily to conceal surprised daughter, gleamed in triumph, w full follow chery?"

" Evelin proach: an doubt of h

that is now slowly rising shall sink in the sea; you will see it shining on the ranks of Shrewsbury and Chester. When did the Welchmen wait to hear the clangour of their trumpets, or the rustling of their silken banners? Fight bravely—fight freely but a while!—our castle is strong—our munition ample—your hearts are good—your arms are powerful—God is nigh to us, and our friends are not far distant. Fight, then, in the name of all that is good and holy—fight for yourselves, for your wives, for your children, and for your property—and oh! fight for an orphan maiden, who hath no other defenders but what a sense of her sorrows, and the remembrance of her father, may raise up among you!

"Such speeches as these made a powerful impression on the men to whom they were addressed, already hardened, by habits and sentiments, against a sense of danger. The chivalrous Normans swore, on the cross of their swords, they would die to a man ere they would surrender their posts—the blunter Anglo-Saxons cried, 'Shame on him who would render up such a lamb as Eveline to a Welch wolf, while he could make her a bulwark with his body!'—Even the cold Flemings caught a spark of the enthusiasm with which the others were animated, and muttered to each other praises of the young lady's beauty, and short but honest resolves to do the best they might in her defence.

Rose Flammock, who accompanied her lady with one or two attendants upon her circuit around the castle, seemed to have relapsed into her natural character of a shy and timid girl, out of the excited state into which she had been brought by the suspicions which in the evening before had attached to her father's character. She tripped closely but respectfully after Eveline, and listened to what she said from time to time, with the awe and admiration of a child listening to its tutor, while only her moistened eye expressed how far she felt or comprehended the extent of the danger or the force of the exhortations. There was, however, a moment when the youthful maiden's eye became more bright, her step more confident, her looks more elevated. This was when they approached the spot where her father, having discharged the duties of commander of the garrison, was now exercising those of engineer, and displaying great skill, as well as wonderful personal strength, in directing and assisting the establishment of a large mangonel, (a military engine used for casting stones,) upon a station commanding an exposed postern-gate, which led from the western side of the castle down to the plain; and where a severe assault was naturally to be expected. The greater part of his armour lay beside him, but covered with his cassock to screen it from morning dew; while in his leatheren doublet, with arms bare to the shoulder, and a huge sledge-hammer in his hand, he set an example to the mechanics who worked under his direction.

"In slow and solid natures there is usually a touch of shamefacedness, and a sensitiveness to the breach of petty observances. Wilkin Flammock had been unmoved even to insensibility at the imputation of treason so lately cast upon him; but he coloured high, and was confused, while, hastily throwing on his cassock, he endeavoured to conceal the dishabille in which he had been surprised by the Lady Eveline. Not so his daughter. Proud of her father's zeal, her eye gleamed from him to her mistress with a look of triumph, which seemed to say, 'And this faithful follower is he who was suspected of treachery?'

Eveline's own bosom made her the same reproach: and anxious to atone for her momentary doubt of his fidelity, she offered for his accept-

ance a ring of value, 'in small amends,' she said, 'of a momentary misconception.'

"It needs not, lady,' said Flammock, with his usual bluntness, 'unless I have the freedom to bestow the gaud on Rose; for I think she was grieved enough at that which moved me little,—as why should it?'

"Dispose of it as thou wilt,' said Eveline; 'the stone it bears is as true as thine own faith.'

"Here Eveline paused, and looking on the broad expanded plain which extended between the site of the castle and the river, observed how silent and still the morning was rising over what had so lately been a scene of such extensive slaughter.

"It will not be so long,' answered Flammock; 'we shall have noise enough, and that nearer to our ears than yesterday.'

"Which way lie the enemy?" said Eveline; 'methinks I can spy neither tents nor pavilions.'

"They use none, lady,' answered Wilkin Flammock. 'Heaven has denied them the grace and knowledge to weave linen enough for such a purpose—yonder they lie on both sides of the river, covered with nought but their white mantles. Would one think that a host of thieves and cut-throats could look so like the finest object in nature—a well-spread bleaching-field?—Hark—hark!—the wasps are beginning to buzz; they will soon be plying their stings.'

"In fact, there was heard among the Welch army a low and indistinct murmur, like that of

Bees alarm'd, and arming in their hives.

Terrified at the hollow menacing sound, which grew louder every moment, Rose, who had all the irritability of a sensitive temperament, clung to her father's arm, saying, in a terrified whisper, 'It is like the sound of the sea the night before the great inundation.'

"And it betokens too rough weather for women to be abroad in," said Flammock. 'Go to your chamber, Lady Eveline, if it be your will—and go you too, Roschen—God bless thee—ye do but keep us idle here.'

"And, indeed, conscious that she had done all that was incumbent upon her, and fearful lest the chill which she felt creeping over her own heart should infect others, Eveline took her vassal's advice, and withdrew slowly to her own apartment, often casting back her eye to the place where the Welch, now drawn out and under arms, were advancing their ridgy battalions, like the waves of an approaching tide.

The Prince of Powis had, with considerable military skill, adopted a plan of attack suitable to the fiery genius of his followers, and calculated to alarm on every point the feeble garrison.

The three sides of the castle which were defended by the river, were watched each by a numerous body of the British, with instructions to confine themselves to the discharge of arrows, unless they should observe that some favourable opportunity of close attack should occur. But far the greater part of Gwenwyn's forces, consisting of three columns of great strength, advanced along the plain on the western side of the castle, and menaced, with a desperate assault,

the walls, which, in that direction, were deprived of the defence of the river. The first of these formidable bodies consisted entirely of archers, who dispersed themselves in front of the beleaguered place, and took advantage of every bush and rising ground which could afford them shelter; and then began to bend their bows and shower their arrows on the battlements and loop-holes, suffering, however, a great deal more damage than they were able to inflict,

as the garrison returned their shot in compara-

tive safety, and with more secure deliberation. Under cover, however, of their discharge of arrows, two very strong bodies of Welch attempted to carry the outer defences of the castle by storm. They had axes to destroy the palisades, then called barriers; faggots to fill up the external ditches; touches to set fire to ought combustible which they might find; and, above all, ladders to scale the walls.

These detachments rushed with incredible fury towards the point of attack, despite a most obstinate defence, and the great loss which they sustained by missiles of every kind, and continued the assault for nearly an hour, supplied by reinforcements which more than recruited their diminished numbers. When they were at length compelled to retreat, they seemed to adopt a new and yet more harassing species of attack. A large body assaulted one exposed point of the fortress with such fury as to draw thither as many of the besieged as could possibly be spared from other defend posts, and when there appeared a point less strongly manned than was adequate to defence, that in its turn was furiously assailed by a separate body of the enemy.

Thus the defenders of the Garde Doloureuse resembled the embarrassed traveller engaged in repelling a swarm of hornets, who, while he brushes them from one part, fix in swarms upon another, and drive him to despair by their numbers, and the boldness and multiplicity of their attacks. The postern, being of course a principal point of attack, Father Aldrovand, whose anxiety would not permit him to be absent from the walls, and who, indeed, where decency would permit, took an occasional share in the active defence of the place, hastened thither as the point chiefly in danger.

Here he found the Fleming, like a second Ajax, grim with dust and blood, working with his own hands the great engine which he had lately helped to erect, and at the same time giving heedful eye to all the exigencies around.

"How thinkest thou of this day's work?" said the monk in a whisper.

"What skills it talking of it, father?" replied Flammock; 'thou art no soldier, and I have no time for words.'

"Nay, take thy breath," said the monk, tucking up the sleeves of his frock; 'I will try to help thee the whilst—although, Our Lady pity me, I know nothing of these strange devices,—not even the names. But our rule commands us to labour; there can be no harm, therefore, in turning this winch—or in placing this steel-headed piece of wood opposite to the cord, (suiting his action to his words,) nor see I aught uncanonical in adjusting the lever thus, or in touching this spring.'

The large bolt whizzed through the air as he spoke, and was so successfully aimed, that it struck down a Welch chief of eminence, to whom Gwenwyn himself was in the act of giving some important charge.

"Well done, *trebuchet*—well flown, *quarrel!*" cried the monk, unable to contain his delight, and giving, in his triumph, the technical names to the engine, and the javelin which it discharged.

"And well aimed, monk," added Wilkin Flammock; 'I think thou knowest more than is in thy breviary.'

"Care not thou for that," said the father; 'and now that thou seest I can work an engine, and that the knaves seem something low in stomach, what think'st thou of our estate?'

"Well enough—for a bad one—if we may hope for speedy succour; but men's bodies are of flesh, not of iron, and we may be at last wearied out by numbers. Only one soldier to four

yards of wall, is a fearful odds ; and the villains are aware of it, and keep us to sharp work.'

" The renewal of the assault here broke off their conversation, nor did the active enemy permit them to enjoy much repose until sunset ; for, alarming them with repeated menaces of attack upon different points, besides making two or three formidable and furious assaults upon different points, they left them scarce time to breathe, or to take a moment's refreshment. Yet the Welch paid a severe price for their temerity ; for, while nothing could exceed the bravery with which their men repeatedly advanced to the attack, those which were made latest in the day had less of animated desperation than their first onset ; and it is probable, that the sense of having sustained great loss, and apprehension of its effects on the spirits of his people, made nightfall, and the interruption of the contest, as acceptable to Gwenwyn as to the exhausted garrison of the Garde Douloureuse.

" But in the camp or leaguer of the Welch there was glee and triumph, for the loss of the past day was forgotten in recollection of the signal victory which had preceded this siege ; and the dispirited garrison could hear from their walls the laugh and the song, the sound of harping and gaiety, which triumphed by anticipation over their surrender."

A scene between Eveline and her faithful Rose follows, and is finely contrasted with this busy press—we can insert but a passage :

" Do not be thus downcast, my noble lady," said Rose ; " be rather what you were yesterday, caring for the wounded, for the aged, for every one but yourself—exposing even your dear life among the showers of the Welsh arrows, when doing so could give courage to others ; while I—shame on me—could but tremble, sob, and weep, and needed all the little wit I have to prevent my shouting with the wild cries of the Welch, or screaming and groaning with those of our friends who fell around me."

" Alas ! Rose," answered her mistress, " you may at pleasure indulge your fears to the verge of distraction itself—you have a father to fight and watch for you. Mine—my kind, noble, and honoured parent, lies dead on yonder field, and all which remains for me is to act as may best become his memory. But this moment at least is mine, to think upon and to mourn for him."

" So saying, and overpowered by the long-repressed burst of filial sorrow, she sunk down on the banquette which ran along the inside of the embattled parapet of the platform, and murmuring to herself, ' He is gone for ever ! ' abandoned herself to the extremity of grief. One hand grasped unconsciously the weapon which she held, and served at the same time, to prop her forehead, while the tears, by which she was now for the first time relieved, flowed in torrents from her eyes, and her sobs seemed so convulsive, that Rose almost feared her heart was bursting. Her affection and sympathy dictated at once the kindest course which Eveline's condition permitted. Without attempting to control the torrent of grief in its full current, she gently sat her down beside the mourner, and possessing herself of the hand which had sunk motionless by her side, she alternately pressed it to her lips, her bosom, and her brow—now covered it with kisses, now bedewed it with tears, and amid these tokens of the most devoted and humble sympathy, waited a more composed moment to offer her little stock of consolation in such deep silence and stillness, that as the pale light fell upon the two beautiful young women, it seemed rather to shew a group of statuary, the work of some eminent sculptor, than beings whose eyes still wept, and whose hearts still throbbed.

At a little distance, the gleaming corset of the Fleming, and the dark garments of Father Aldrovand, as they lay prostrate on the stone steps, might represent the bodies of those for whom the principal figures were mourning.

" After a deep agony of many minutes, it seemed that the sorrows of Eveline were assuming a more composed character ; her convulsive sobs were changed for long, low, profound sighs, and the course of her tears, though they still flowed, was milder and less violent. Her kind attendant, availing herself of these gentler symptoms, tried softly to win the spear from her lady's grasp. ' Let me be sentinel for a while,' she said, ' my sweet lady—I will at least scream louder than you, if any danger should approach.' She ventured to kiss her cheek and throw her arms around Eveline's neck while she spoke ; but a mute caress, which expressed her sense of the faithful girl's kind intentions to minister if possible to her repose, was the only answer returned. They remained for many minutes silent and in the same posture.—Eveline, like an upright and slender poplar,—Rose who encircled her lady in her arms, like the woodbine which twines around it."

The following is a sweet picture of repose stealing upon the harassed sense :

" As this conviction strengthened on Rose's mind, her purpose of vigilance began to decline—her thoughts wandered to objects towards which they were not directed, like sheep which stray beyond the charge of their shepherd—her eyes no longer brought back to her a distinct apprehension of the broad, round, silvery orb on which they continued to gaze. At length they closed, and, seated on the folded mantle, her back resting against the wall of the apartment, and her white arms folded on her bosom, Rose Flammock fell fast asleep."

We abstain from farther quotations, except to give a specimen of the Poetry, in the Minstrel's two Songs :

" Soldier wake—the day is peeping,
Honour ne'er's won in sleeping,
Never when the sunbeams still
Lay unreflected on the hill.
'Tis when they are glinted back
From axe and armour, spear and Jack,
That they promise future story
Many a page of deathless glory.
Shields that are the foeman's terror,
Ever are the morning's mirror.
Arm and up—the morning beam
Hath call'd the rustic to his team,
Hath call'd the falcon to the lake,
Hath call'd the swan to the brake,
The early student ponders o'er
His dusty tomes of ancient lore.
Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame ;
Thy study, conquest ; war, thy game.
Shield, that would be foemen's terror.
Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

Poor hire reaps the rustic's pain ;
Miserable will the spade's gain ;
Vainest of all, the students theme,
Ends in some metaphysic dream :
Yet each is up, and each has told
Since first the peep of dawn has smiled ;
And each is eager in his aim
Than he who barter's life for fame.
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror !
Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror."

" Woman's faith, and woman's trust—
Write the characters in dust :
Stamp them on the running stream,
Print them on the moon's pale beam,
And each evanescent letter
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
And more permanent, I ween,
Than the thing those letters mean.
I have strain'd the spider's thread
'Gainst the promise of a maid ;
I have weigh'd a grain of sand
'Gainst her plight of heart and hand ;
I told my true love of the token,
How her faith proved light, and her word was broken :
Again her word and truth she plighted,
And I believe them again ere night."

We have few remarks to add. Wilkin Flammock is, as we have said, the most original cha-

racter. His daughter Rose is also highly spirited and striking. Hugo de Lucy is noble and, at once, true to nature, and our notions of his chivalric age. Sir Raymond is less perfect, only, perhaps, because less is seen of him : but our author nods once in his account of his exploits ; for he tells us of his last battle, that he would not strike a blow at his foes around, reserving his strength and pressing on to reach Gwenwyn, yet describes his dead body as being found under a multitude slain by his hand.

There is still one peculiarity in this tale, to notice which is quite new, as coming from the author of Waverley. We allude to the few rather warm équivoques with which he adorns the conduct of Gillian, the old huntsman's wife, and even the postponed nuptials of his heroine. We may also state, that we look upon it to be eroeuous to paint the Bards of the Cwmyr as " profane" and unfit for the association of priests. But however these matters may be, and whatever imperfections may be discovered in *The Betrothed*, there are redeeming qualities of a high order—the ancient Saxon mansion—the feudal manners and feelings—the national traits of Wales—and, in short, the whole movement of the age—which class these volumes with the most successful works of fiction built on history, even by that genius to which we owe them.

But still there exists so marked a difference between the Two Tales of the Crusaders, as to induce an opinion that the first has only received some touches from the hand which entirely produced the last. *The Betrothed* is, comparatively, common-place ; the greater number of its characters far inferior in conception and execution ; and the style very slovenly even as to grammatical construction : while, on the other hand, *The Talybion* is one of the most perfect pictures of a remote age that ever was produced ; its characters admirable ; and the early part of the first volume and whole of the last, written in the most brilliant language. On the internal evidence, we should conclude, that Sir Walter Scott wrote the latter tale, and only corrected the former.

MILLER ON THE PRESENT STATE OF THE LAW OF ENGLAND.

THE peculiar object of this work, and its general merits and defects, have been in some degree pointed out in the observations and extracts which are already before our readers. But it abounds so much in matter of great interest and importance, that a great deal remains for our attention.

After the unsparing remarks on the Lord Chancellor, it is gratifying to meet with the following admirable character of Sir William Grant, one of the greatest judges that ever sat upon any bench.

" Such judges as Sir Joseph Jekyll, Sir John Strange, Lord Kenyon, Lord Alvaley, and Sir Wm. Grant, enlarged and strengthened the foundations of equity, and even in England shed additional lustre on the administration of justice. To the last mentioned individual in particular no adventitious honour which might have been conferred on his declining age, could have proved an adequate return for the distinguished service he has done his country. He has received a recompence better suited to the simplicity, dignity, and disinterestedness of his character, in the reverence which accompanies him wherever he is seen, and the burst of admiration which succeeds his name wherever it is mentioned."

" His total disregard of every art to captivate public favour or attention ; his lofty but unpretending integrity and independence ; the singularly collected and unprepossessed mind he brought

to the examination of every subject; the silent and unremitting attention which he paid to every argument which was urged before him; the admirable medium he observed between dilatoriness and precipitation in the dispatch of business, and the clearness, strength, and comprehensiveness of reasoning by which his judgments were supported; all conspired to invest his judicial conduct and demeanour with that air of severe and commanding intelligence which none who have ever seen it can either forget or hope to see again."

The force and justice of this passage must strike every one who has known any thing of Sir William Grant.

It is impossible to follow our author through the details into which he enters, as to various reforms in the courts of law and equity. But we must not omit what he says of the mischiefs of hasty legislation.

" It is to avoid that precipitation to which this dilatoriness invariably leads, that amendments in the law should be projected long before the adoption of them becomes indispensably necessary. No new system of law or material alteration in one already established, ought to be sanctioned without full and fair examination. It is owing to the haste of Tribonian to do that in three years which he was allowed ten to accomplish, that the digest exhibits such a mass of incoherence and confusion. To press the adoption of any legislative measure when insufficiently known or imperfectly comprehended, is neither wise nor honest. It is to the hurry and confusion in which the laws of England are made that the greater part of their blunders and miscarriages are owing. Scarcely any permanent and important measure can be figured, which ought not, after it has been put into the shape of a bill, to be submitted to the judgment of that public for one year at least, and if it were to undergo a probation of several, it would usually be so much the better. Whenever the government is persuaded that any matter connected with the dispensation of justice requires revision, the examination to which the proposed alteration is subjected can hardly either be too general, severe, or protracted. Above all, it ought to be submitted to the inspection of those who are supposed to be most suspicious of its expediency, or hostile to its introduction. Let such persons report upon it not in any kind of collective body, but what is invariably much better, in their own words, according to their own plan, and upon their own responsibility. If any objections have been offered, let them be canvassed with candour, temper, and patience, and let the fate of the proposal depend upon the result of the ordeal to which it has been subjected. If upon a full investigation it appears that they are not sufficiently calculated to attain the ends proposed, or if they would be accompanied with inconveniences which were overlooked or undervalued, let them be rejected; but if they have endured this test, whatever be their magnitude or importance, I believe that in general the public interest suffers when either timidity, or local or individual interest, prevents them from being effectually and resolutely adopted."

There is a great deal of sound sense and deep reflection in these observations. They cannot be too strongly inculcated in these days of inconsiderate legislation, when we see one half of the time of each session of Parliament occupied in attempts to correct the blunders in acts hurried through during the preceding session; and the remaining half in hurrying through new acts containing new blunders.

We cannot take leave of Mr. Miller without laying before our readers the honourable and

manly declaration as to his motives and the difficulties which he has felt in the execution of his work:

" I have now to solicit the indulgence of the reader for the imperfect manner in which this inquiry has been executed. From its difficulty, novelty, and the variety of topics it has been made to embrace, I have no doubt it is chargeable with many and considerable errors and omissions. These I shall neither be reluctant nor ashamed to acknowledge; and perhaps the public may not judge of them too severely, if the principles I have advanced, and the main purpose I have had in view, be found deserving of its approbation. It has been my endeavour throughout to confine the topics of investigation to those of a strictly practical nature; to proceed as little as possible without the support of ancient or modern law authorities; and to introduce no speculations or suggestions tending to undermine or destroy any of our fundamental laws or institutions. I have also anxiously abstained from alluding to individuals or classes of persons, as far as has been within my power. This I have found the most ungracious part of the task I had undertaken. It is far from agreeable to be exposed to the risk of giving offence where none was intended, and still more painful to be obliged, in the course of argument, to make observations which may wound the feelings of those whom we most highly esteem and respect. Had I been as fully aware of these circumstances at the outset, as I am now, I should never have embarked in such an undertaking. But I had gone on so far that I was both unable and unwilling to recede, and having resolved to go forward, I had no alternative but to follow truth and fair argument wheresoever they might lead me. This I have throughout endeavoured to do, though, to avoid hesitation and circumlocution, I may seem to have spoken with less diffidence than the difficulty of the subject in discussion and the state of my own mind demanded. My own opinions I do not wish to retain dogmatically myself, and I disclaim all desire to impose them upon others. The object aimed at has been to accustom the well-informed part of community in some degree to think and reason upon legal subjects, and to participate more largely than they have hitherto done, in those deliberations which relate to the administration of justice, in which they are so deeply interested.

" I have always believed that free and unfettered inquiry is among the greatest blessings with which civil liberty is accompanied, and that the exercise of this privilege is neither confined to those who are dissatisfied with the government nor with its administration, but may be pursued without disadvantage by all who sincerely desire to promote the happiness and extend the prosperity of their fellow subjects. Whatever disfavour, therefore, may be shown towards me, for what I have done, I shall attribute it to my own incapacity, and not to the demerit of the cause which I have here supported. That cause I am persuaded must eventually prove successful. Though I should fail, able men will follow, and finally achieve that, to the accomplishment of which my powers were unequal. In their success I shall greatly and unfeignedly rejoice; and should this satisfaction, from unfavourable times or unexpected accidents, be denied me, I shall still be sustained by that last and surest consolation of every one who exerts his faculties of mind or body for the good of the country to which he belongs,—the excellence of his object, the fairness of the means employed for its attainment, and the rectitude of his own intentions."

PEPYS' MEMOIRS, &c. (Third Notice.)

THE undiminished, or rather increased interest with which our last number, containing another large portion of review of this work, was received by the public, induces us to continue our notice at considerable length. Indeed, as the book is one of price not suitable to every class of readers, and as even libraries cannot circulate it very fast, in consequence of the time it must take every individual to peruse it, we feel that by far the greater portion of those who take our *Gazette* will approve of our occupying more of its pages in this case than is usual with a single publication. That publication we certainly consider to be almost unique in value, if not the very foremost of its kind.

So, without further preface, we resume, and upon the generally pleasing topic of the drama and stage. Our last extract under this head was of March 1st, 1662, the first acting of Romeo and Juliet in the author's time; the next is of Sept. 29th, in the same year, but a still more curious entry:

" To the King's Theatre, where we saw 'Midsummer's Night's dream,' which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life."

So much for taste! but we proceed.

" Oct. 30th. I would not forget two passages of Sir J. Minnes's at yesterday's dinner. The one, that to the question how it comes to pass that there are no boars seen in London, but many sows and pigs; it was answered, that the constable gets them a-nights. The other, Thos. Killigrew's way of getting to see plays when he was a boy. He would go to the Red Bull, and when the man cried to the boys, ' Who will go and be a devil, and he shall see the play for nothing? ' then would he go in, and be a devil upon the stage, and so get to see plays.

" 1662-3, Jan. 5th. To the Cockpit, where we saw 'Claracilla,' a poor play, done by the King's house; but neither the King nor the Queen were there; but only the Duke and Duchesse. Elborough, (my old schoolfellow at Paul's) do tell me, and so do others, that Dr. Calamy is this day sent to Newgate for preaching, Sunday was s'might, without leave, though he did it only to supply the place; otherwise the people must have gone away without ever a sermon, they being disappointed of a minister: but the Bishop of London will not take that as an excuse. Dined at home; and there being the famous new play acted the first time to-day, which is called 'The Adventures of Five Hours,' at the Duke's house, being, they say, made or translated by Colonel Tuke, I did long to see it; and so we went; and though early, were forced to sit, almost out of sight, at the end of one of the lower formes, so full was the house. And the play, in one word, is the best, for the variety and the most excellent continuance of the plot to the very end, that ever I saw, or think ever shall.

" Feb. 6th. To Lincoln's Inn Fields; and it being too soon to go to dinner, I walked up and down, and looked upon the outside of the new theatre building in Covent Garden, which will be very fine.

" May 28th. By water to the Royall Theatre; but that was so full they told us we could have no room. And so to the Duke's house; and there saw 'Hamlet' done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton. Who should we see come upon the stage but Gosnell, my wife's maid! but neither spoke, danced, nor sang; which I was sorry for.

" June 1st. I with Sir J. Minnes to the Strand May-pole; and there light out of his coach, and

walked to the New Theatre, which, since the King's players are gone to the Royal one, is this day begun to be employed by the fencers to play prizes at. And here I come and saw the first prize I ever saw in my life: and it was between one Mathews, who did beat at all weapons, and one Westwicke, who was soundly cut several times both in the head and legs, and that he was all over blood; and other deadly blows they did give and take in very good earnest, till Westwicke was in a sad pickle. They fought at eight weapons, three boutes at each weapon. This being upon a private quarrel, they did it in good earnest; and I felt one of their swords, and found it to be very little, if at all blunter on the edge, than the common swords are. Strange to see what a deal of money is flung to them both upon the stage between every boute.

" 12th. To the Royal Theatre; and there saw 'The Committee,' a merry but indifferent play, only Lacey's part, an Irish footman, is beyond imagination. Here I saw my Lord Falconbridge, and his Lady, my Lady Mary Cromwell, who looks as well as I have known her, and well clad: but when the House began to fill she put on her vizard, and so kept it on all the play; which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face. So to the Exchange, to buy things with my wife; among others, a vizard for herself."

What strange ideas do these last four memoranda give us of the period! The building of the first Covent-Garden; the appearance on the stage of a private servant; the change of one house from the regular drama into a Fives' Court for prize-fighting, and that in a private quarrel too; and the singular mixture of the spectators at all places of amusement in vizards and other disguises, so befitting these days of intrigue. By the next we discover that the alleged pride and ambition of performers in our times is not without precedent.

" July 22d, 1663. Wootten tells me the reason of Harris's going from Sir Wm. Davenant's house is, that he grew very proud and demanded 20*l.* for himself extraordinary, more than Betterton or any body else, upon every new play, and 10*l.* upon every revive; which with other things Sir W. Davenant would not give him, and so he swore he would never act there more, in expectation of being received in the other house; but the King will not suffer it, upon Sir W. Davenant's desire that he would not, for then he might shut up house, and that is true. He tells me that his going is at present a great loss to the House, and that he fears he hath a stipend from the other House privately. He tells me that the fellow grew very proud of late, the King and every body else crying him up so high, and that above Betterton he being a more ayer man, as he is indeed. But yet Betterton, he says, they all say do act some parts that none but himself can do.

" Feb. 3d, 1664. In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch home my wife, I stopped at the great Coffee-house there, where I never was before: where Dryden the poet (I knew at Cambridge), and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoot of our College. And had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming thither, for there, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse. But I could not tarry, and as it was late, they were all ready to go away.

" June 1. To the King's house, and saw 'The Silent Woman'; but methought not so well done or so good a play as I formerly thought it to be. Before the play was done, it fell such a storm of hale, that we in the middle of the pit were fain to rise; and all the houses in disorder.

" August 2d. To the king's play-house, and there saw 'Bartholomew Fayre,' which doth still please me; and is, as it is acted, the best comedy in the world, I believe. I chanced to sit by Tom Killigrew, who tells me that he is setting up a nursery; that is, is going to build a house in Moorefields, wherein he will have common plays acted. But four operas it shall have in the year, to act six weeks at a time: where we shall have the best scenes and machines, the best musique, and every thing as magnificent as is in Christendome; and to that end hath sent for voices and painters and other persons from Italy.

" 4th. To a play at the King's house, 'The Rival Ladys,' a very innocent and most pretty play. I was much pleased with it, and it being given met, I look upon it as no breach of my cath. Here we hear that Clun, one of their best actors, was, the last night, going out of towne (after he had acted the Alchymist, wherein was one of his best parts that he acts) to his country-house, set upon and murdered; one of the rogues taken, an Irish fellow. It seems most cruelly butchered and bound. The house will have a great miss of him.

" 5th. About ten o'clock I dressed myself, and so mounted upon a very pretty mare, sent me by Sir W. Warren, according to his promise yesterday. And so through the city, not a little proud, God knows, to be seen upon so pretty a beast, and to my cosen W. Joyce's, who presently mounted too, and he and I out of towne toward Highgate; in the way, at Kentish-towne, showing me the place and manner of Clun's being killed and laid in a ditch, and yet was not killed by any wounds, having only one in his arm, but bled to death through his struggling. He told me, also, the manner of it, of his going home so late drinking with his mistress, and maner of having it found out.

" 13th. To the new play, at the Duke's house, of 'Henry the Fifth,' a most noble play, writ by my Lord Orrery; wherein Betterton, Harris, and Ianthe's parts are most incomparably wrote and done, and the whole play the most full of height and raptures of wit and sense, that ever I heard; having but one incongruity, that King Harry promises to plead for Tudor to their mistress, Princesse Katherine of France, more than when it comes to it he seems to do; and Tudor refused by her with some kind of indignity, not with a difficulty and honour that it ought to have been done in to him.

" Oct. 11th. Lucellin tells me what an obscene loose play this 'Parson's Wedding' is, that is acted by nothing but women at the King's house.

" Nov. 5. To the Duke's house to see 'Macbeth,' a pretty good play, but admirably acted. Thence home; the coach being forced to go round by London Wall home, because of the bonfires; the day being mightily observed in the city.

" Jan. 14. To the King's house, there to see Vulpone, a most excellent play; the best I think I ever saw, and well acted.

" April 3. To a play at the Duke's, of my Lord Orrery's, called 'Mustapha,' which is not good, made Betterton's part and Ianthe's but ordinary too. All the pleasure of the play was, the King and my Lady Castlemaine were there; and pretty witty Nell, at the King's house, and the younger Marshall sat next us; which pleased me mightily."

Adding only one other extract connected with theatricals, and carrying this division of our ana-

" * A tragedy by Dryden."

† His companion paid for him; for, to avoid addicting himself to pleasures of which he thought he was becoming too fond, he had sworn to abstain from public amusements.—ED.

lysis to August 20, 1666, (greater events having interrupted plays during this important year) we shall hasten to take up another thread of the web.

" August 20. To Deptford by water, reading Othello, Moore of Venice, which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play, but having so lately read the Adventures of Five Hours, it seems a mean thing."

When Chariot was received on board Lord Sandwich's ship, on his voyage from Holland to England, Pepys gives a very naive but interesting account of that remarkable event; from which we take a few particulars. The date is May 23, 1660.

" The King, with the two Dukes and Queen of Bohemia, Princesse Royale, and Prince of Orange, come on board, where I in their coming in kissed the King's, Queen's, and Princesse's hands, having done the other before. Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. All day nothing but lords and persons of honour on board, that we were exceeding full. Dined in a great deal of state, the Royalle company by themselves in the coach, which was a blessed sight to see. After dinner the King and Duke altered the names of some of the ships, viz. the Nazeby into Charles; the Richard, James; the Speaker, Mary; the Dunbar (which was not in company with us) the Henry; Winsly, Happy Return; Wakefield, Richmond; Lambert, the Henrietta; Cheriton, the Speedwell; Bradford, the Successe. That done, the Queen, Princesse Royale, and Prince of Orange, took leave of the King, and the Duke of York went on board the London, and the Duke of Gloucester, the Swiftsure. Which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England. All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down, (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been) very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape to Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fire-side, kneeled down, and kissed his hand, privately, saying that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whether he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get into France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy (which was all the ship's company), and so get to Fecamp in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms before he went away to see whether he had not stolen something or other."

Of some of the customs at home, (how different



from the present era, in some cases, we know not) the following are items :

" 1660, June 22d. Had the great coach to Brigham's, who told me how my Lady Monk deals with him and others for their places, asking him 500l. though he was formerly the King's coach-maker, and sworn to it."

" Sept. 25th. I did send for a cup of tea (a China drink) of which I never had drank before, and went away (the King and the Princess coming up the river this afternoon as we were at our pay)."

Tea, the novelty, is again mentioned seven years afterwards, namely, June 1667 :

" Home, and there find my wife making of tea; a drink which Mr. Pelling, the Potticary, tells her is good for her cold and defluxions."

But to return to the early days after the Restoration :

" Jan. 9th. Waked in the morning about six o'clock, by people running up and down in Mr. Davis's house, talking that the Fanatics were up in arms in the city. And so I rose and went forth; where in the street I found every body in arms at the doors. So I returned and got my sword and pistol, which, however, I had no powder to charge; and went to the door, where I found Sir R. Ford, and with him I walked up and down as far as the Exchange, and there I left him. In our way, the streets full of train-bands, and great stir. What mischief these rogues have done! and I think near a dozen had been killed this morning on both sides. The shops shut, and all things in trouble.

" 10th. Mr. Davis told us the particular examinations of these Fanatics that are taken; and in short it is this, these Fanatics that have routed all the train-bands that they met with, put the King's life-guards to the run, killed about twenty men, broke through the City gates twice; and all this in the day-time, when all the City was in arms;—are not in all above 31. Whereas we did believe them (because they were seen up and down in every place almost in the City, and had been in Hightgate two or three days, and in several other places) to be at least 500. A thing that never was heard of, that so few men should dare and do so much mischief. Their word was, 'The King Jesus, and their heads upon the gates.' Few of them would receive any quarter, but such as were taken by force and kept alive; expecting Jesus to come here and reign in the world presently, and will not believe yet."

A contest between the Spanish and French ambassadors, for precedence in the street, in which blood was shed on both sides, presents another singular picture of manners; but we prefer more domestic statements :

" Aug. 27th, 1661. At noon, met my wife at the Wardrobe; and there dined, where we found Captn. Country, (my little Captain that I loved, who carried me to the Sound,) with some grapes and millions from my Lord at Lisbone. The first that ever I saw; but the grapes are rare things. In the afternoon comes Mr. Edw. Montagu (by appointment this morning) to talk with my Lady and me about the provisions fit to be bought, and sent to my Lord along with him. And told us, that we need not trouble ourselves

* At the new year, the subjoined memorandum throws an equal light on such practices :

" 4th. I had been early this morning at White Hall, at the Jewell Office, to choose a piece of gilt plate for my Lord, in return of his offering to the King (which it seems is usual at this time of year, and an Earle gives twenty pieces in gold in a purse to the King). I chose a gilt tankard, weighing 31 ounces and-a-half, and he is allowed 59; so I paid 12s. for the ounce and half over what he is to have: but strange it was for me to see what a company of snail fees I was called upon by a great many to pay there, which, I perceive, is the manner that

how to buy them, for the King would pay for all, and that he would take care to get them: which put my Lady and me in a great deal of ease of mind. Here we staid and supped too, and after my wife had put up some of the grapes in a basket for to be sent to the King, we took coach and home, where we found a hampire of millions sent to me also.

" May 21st, 1662. My wife and I to my Lord's lodging; where she and I staid walking in White Hall garden. And in the Privy-garden saw the finest smocks and linen petticoats of my Lady Castlemaine's, faced with rich lace at the bottom, that ever I saw; and did me good to look at them. Sarah told me how the King dined at my Lady Castlemaine's, and supped, every day and night the last week; and that the night that the bonfires were made for joy of the Queen's arrival, the King was there; but there was no fire at her door, though at all the rest of the doors almost in the street; which was much observed: and that the King and she did send for a pair of scales and weighed one another; and she, being with child, was said to be heaviest. But she is now a most disconsolate creature, and comes not out of doors, since the King's going.

" 25th. To church, and heard a good sermon of Mr. Woodcocke's at our church; only in his latter prayer for a woman in childbed, he prayed that God would deliver her from the hereditary curse of childe-bearing, which seemed a pretty strange expression. Out with Captn. Ferrers to Charing Cross; and there at the Triumph tavern he shewed me some Portugall ladies, which are come to town before the Queen. They are not handsome, and their farthingales a strange dress. Many ladies and persons of quality come to see them. I find nothing in them that is pleasing; and I see they have learnt to kiss and look freely up and down already, and I do believe will soon forget the recluse practice of their own country. They complain much for lack of good water to drink. The King's guards and some City companies do walk up and downe the towne these five or six days; which makes me think, and they do say, there are some plots in laying.

" June 14th. About 11 o'clock, having a room got ready for us, we all went out to the Tower-hill; and there, over against the scaffold, made on purpose this day, saw Sir Henry Vane brought. A very great press of people. He made a long speech, many times interrupted by the sheriffe and others there; and they wold have taken his paper out of his hand, but he would not let it go. But they caused all the books of those that writ after him to be given the Sheriffe; and the trumpets were brought under the scaffold that he might not be heard. Then he prayed, and so fitted himself, and received the blow; but the scaffold was so crowded that we could not see it done. But Boreman, who had been upon the scaffold, told us, that first he began to speak of the irregular proceeding against him; that he was, against Magna Charta, denied to have his exceptions against the indictment allowed; and that there he was stopped by the Sheriffe. Then he drew out his paper of notes, and begun to tell them first his life; that he was born a gentleman; he had been, till he was seventeen years old, a good fellow, but then it pleased God to lay a foundation of grace in his heart, by which he was persuded, against his worldly interest, to leave all preferment and go abroad, where he might serve God with more freedom. Then he was called home, and made a member of the Long Parliament; where he never did, to this day, any thing against his conscience, but all for the glory of God. Here he

would have given them an account of the proceedings of the Long Parliament, but they so often interrupted him, that at last he was forced to give over; and so fell into prayer for England in general, then for the churches in England, and then for the City of London; and so fitted himself for the block, and received the blow. He had a blister, or issue, upon his neck, which he desired them not to hurt: he changed not his colour or speech to the last, but died justifying himself and the cause he had stood for; and spoke very confidently of his being presently at the right hand of Christ; and in all things appeared the most resolved man that ever died in that manner, and shewed more of heate than cowardize, but yet with all humility and gravity. One asked him why he did not pray for the King. He answered, ' You shall see I can pray for the King: I pray God bless him!' The King had given his body to his friends; and, therefore, he told them that he hoped they would be civil to his body when dead; and desired they would let him die like a gentleman and a Christian, and not crowded and pressed as he was.

" July 26th. This afternoon I went to Westminster; and there hear that the King and Queen intend to come to White Hall from Hampton Court next week, for all winter. Thence to Mrs. Sarah, and there looked over my Lord's lodgings, which are very pretty; and White Hall garden and the Bowling-alley (where lords and ladies are now at bowles,) in brave condition. Mrs. Sarah told me how the falling out between my Lady Castlemaine and her Lord was about christening of the child lately, which he would have, and had done by a priest: and, some days after, she had it again christened by a minister; the King, and Lord of Oxford, and Duchesse of Suffolk, being witnesses: and christened with a proviso, that it had not already been christened. Since that she left her Lord, carrying away every thing in the house; so much as every dish, and cloth, and servant but the porter. He is gone discontented into France, they say, to enter a monastery; and now she is coming back again to her house in King-streete. But I hear that the Queen did prick her out of the list presented her by the King; desiring that she might have that favour done her, or that he would send her from whence she came: and that the King was angry and the Queen discontented, whole day and night upon it; but that the King hath promised to have nothing to do with her hereafter. But I cannot believe that the King can fling her off so, he loving her too well: and so I writ this night to my Lady to be my opinion; she calling her my lady, and the lady I admire. Here I find that my Lord hath lost the garden to his lodgings, and that it is turning into a tennis-court.

" 27th. I to walk in the Parke, which is now every day more and more pleasant, by the new works upon it.

" 27th Feb. 1662-3. About 11 o'clock, Commissioner Pett and I walked to Chyurgen's Hall, (we being all invited thither, and promised to dine there;) where we were led into the Theatre; and by and by came the reader, Dr. Teamre, with the Master and Company, in a very handsome manner: and, all being settled, he began his lecture; and his discourse being ended, we had a fine dinner and good learned company, many Doctors of Phisique, and we used with extraordinary great respect. Among other observables we drank the King's health out of a gilt cup given by King Henry VIII. to this Company, with bells hanging at it, which every man is to ring by shaking after he hath drunk up the whole cup. There is also a very

excellent piece of the King, done by Holbein, stands up in the Hall, with the officers of the Company kneeling to him to receive their Charter. Dr. Scarborough took some of his friends, and I went with them, to see the body of a lusty fellow, a seaman, that was hanged for a robbery. It seems one Dillon, of a great family, was, after much endeavours to have saved him, hanged with a silken halter this Sessions, (of his own preparing,) not for honour only, but it being soft and sleek it doth slip close and kills, that is, strangles, presently: whereas, a stiff one do not come so close together, and so the party may live the longer before killed. But all the Doctors at table conclude, that there is no pain at all in hanging, for that it doth stop the circulation of the blood; and so stops all sense and motion in an instant.

" There dined with us to-day, Mr. Slingsby of the Mint, who shewed us all the new pieces both gold and silver (examples of them all) that were made for the King, by Blondeau's way; and compared them with those made for Oliver. The pictures of the latter made by Symons, and of the King by one Rotyr, a German, I think, that dined with us also. He extols those of Rotyr above the others; and, indeed, I think they are the better, because the sweetest of the two; but, upon my word, those of the Protector are more like in my mind, than the King's, but both very well worth seeing. The crowns of Cromwell are now sold, it seems, for 25s. and 30s. a-piece.

" March 17th. To St. Margaret's Hill in Southwark, where the Judge of the Admiralty come, and the rest of the Doctors of the Civil law, and some other Commissioners, whose Commission of Oyer and Terminer was read, and then the charge, given by Dr. Exton, which methought was somewhat dull, though he would seem to intend it to be very rhetorical, saying that Justice had two wings, one of which spread itself over the land, and the other over the water, which was this Admiralty Court. I perceive that this Court is yet but in its infancy, (as to its rising again) and their design and consultation was, I could overhear them, how to proceed with the most solemnity, and spend time, there being only two businesses to do, which of themselves could not spend much time. Sir W. Batten and I to my Lord Mayor's, where we found my Lord with Colonel Strangways and Sir Richard Floyd, Parliament-men, in the cellar drinking, where we sat with them, and then up; and by and by came in Sir Richard Ford. We had many discourses, but from all of them I do find Sir R. Ford, a very able man of his brains and tongue, and a scholar. But my Lord Mayor a talker, bragging, baffle-headed fellow, that would be thought to have led all the City in the great business of bringing in the King, and that nobody understood this plot, and the dark lauthorn he walked by; but led them and plowed with them as oxen and asses (his own words) to do what he had a mind: when in every discourse I observe him to be as very a coxcomb as I could have thought had been in the City. But he is resolved to do great matters in pulling down the shops quite through the City, as he hath done in many places, and will make a thorough passage quite through the City, through Canning-street, which indeed will be very fine. And then his precept, which he, in vain glory, said he had drawn up himself, and hath printed it, against coachmen and carmen affronting the gentry in the street; it is drawn so like a fool, and some faults were openly found in it, that I believe he will have so much wit as not to proceed upon it though it be printed. Here we staid talking till eleven at night, Sir R. Ford breaking to my Lord our busi-

ness of our patent to be Justices of the Peace in the City, which he stuck at mightily; but, however, Sir R. Ford knows him to be a fool, and so in his discourse he made him appear, and cajoled him into a consent to it: but so as I believe when he comes to his right mind to-morrow, he will be of another opinion; and though Sir R. Ford moved it very weightily and neatly, yet I had rather it had been spared now. But to see how he rants, and pretends to sway all the City in the Court of Aldermen, and says plainly that they cannot do, nor will he suffer them to do, any thing but what he pleases; nor is there any officer of the City but of his putting in; nor any man that could have kept the City for the King thus well and long but him. And if the country can be preserved, he will undertake that the City shall not dare to stir again. When I am confident there is no man almost in the City cares for him, nor hath he brains to outwit any ordinary tradesman."

With this graphic sketch of the City of London, we conclude for the present; thankful that in our days that worshipful body, the Corporation, is mightily improved in wisdom, virtue, and so forth !!

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Ambition. 3 vols. Cadell, London. Blackwood, Edinburgh.

ENTERTAINING enough as a second-rate novel, but nothing more; at least if aspiring to more, its aspiring must have a fall, and be considered a "Poor Ambition."

Characters and Opinions; or, The Blue Book. Post 8vo. pp. 417. Saunders and Otley.

WITHOUT discovering any great originality of talent, still an amusing half hour may very well be past with this volume. The poetry is even below mediocrity, but some of the prose sketches are light and entertaining.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Memoires de P. L. Hanet Cleru, formerly Valet de Chambre of the Duchesse D'Angoulême, and Brother of Cleru, Valet de Chambre of Louis XVI., with Portraits of the Two Brothers. 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1825.

This is the age of anecdote and entertainment: no period, in the history of the world ever furnished such abundant materials for gratifying the taste of the public in these respects. Events of the highest importance have crowded on each other with such rapidity, during the last half century, that the pen of history can scarcely follow them. Louis XIV. reproached Boileau and Racine, whom he had named Historiographers, with their not being present at one of his conquests.—"Sire," replied Boileau, "your Majesty took the city before the tailor could get our clothes ready." What would the satirist have said, had he been historiographer in this period?

The curiosity of the public for memoirs and anecdotes seems to become keener the more it is gratified, which has led many authors and booksellers to impose spurious memoirs on their readers, in which the spirit of party almost always gives a false colouring to real circumstances, and invents imaginary ones to supply the chasm of information.

The French have always been celebrated for "Memoires à Servir." The actors in a scene seldom attempt more than memoirs to serve for the history of the object: hence, in French literature, memoirs bear to histories a ratio of more than a thousand to one. The memoirs in the history of France amount to many thousand volumes, while a good and impartial

history of the monarchy is still a desideratum.* The revolution has given birth to an immense number of the former. We have in our own library nearly two hundred, besides upwards of one hundred volumes of modern biography; and yet to write an impartial history of the revolution, it is necessary to consult them all: hence it cannot be wondered at, that such a work has yet to be written.

The name of Cleru is familiar to every reader, and united in the mind with all that is noble in friendship, and affectionate attachment. He was not one of the swarm that

"In the noon-tide beam are born,

"And haste to salute the rising morn."

His love for his Royal Master, the unfortunate Louis XVI., began in infancy, ripened in manhood, and became heroic when subjects, friends, and flatterers rivalled each other in the persecution of their Royal Master, even to the privation not only of the comforts, but of the common necessities of life. It was at the moment when fidelity was accounted high-treason, and gratitude became an unerring path to the guillotine—when even the name of royalty was proscribed, and to utter it was a sentence of death—it was then that the faithful Cleru quitted his wife and family to partake of the captivity of his Royal Master, to administer to his wants, to soften his sufferings, by sharing them with him, and pouring the balm of consolation into a broken heart, when his own was ready to burst; creating hopes he could not feel, and soothing, by the smiles of dutiful affection, that excess of anguish which was only to cease on the scaffold.

Cleru was not to be intimidated by the danger of his becoming himself a victim: he anticipated it. He had a wife and five children, all unprovided for: this was the only subject that pained him; but he was soon tranquillized in this respect, for his brother pledged his honour, that from the moment he devoted himself for his Royal Master, he would provide for his family: and this he ever continued to do. That brother was Hanet Cleru, the author of these Memoirs; and what will appear surprising is, that such is the ascendancy of virtue, even over bad minds, that this very act became, in the eyes of St. Just, one of the most sanguine monsters of the revolution, a title sufficiently meritorious to save him from a proscription in which it was intended to involve him.

Our author seems to have had less the design of composing a book than of retracing, in the calm of retirement, the various and even wonderful events which had chequered his existence. "They are facts and curious anecdotes," says he, in his preface, "which the reader has a right to expect from every one who announces his memoirs."

"On re-perusing my MS.," he adds, "I have imagined that at the same time I was performing a duty I owed to myself, I should please those readers who are fond of extraordinary vicissitudes. My life has been such, that one could not have invented any thing more singular, yet the imagination has no share in it: I furnish testimony and proof of what I advance. These characters of truth will no doubt give my book an advantage over romances. I shall be seen successively a courtier and a man of the world; a farmer and a soldier; a commissary-general, a traveller, a

* We understand that a gentleman every way fitted for the task, by his education, talent, and foreign travel, has now in progress a History of France, of which we hope to be able to say something more shortly. The histories hitherto published of a country decidedly the most interesting to Englishmen, next to their own, have been so imperfect and so abridged, that we should be glad to see something fit to be placed on the same shelf with Haume and Smollett.—*Ed.*

prisoner, and a magistrate; seeking fortune in every profession; often meeting with it, but at last losing sight of it for ever."

This is by no means an exaggerated view of what the reader may expect; yet the work possesses an interest superior even to this: it affords numerous examples of the beauty and advantages of virtue; it shows that a good action not unfrequently receives a brilliant recompence when least expected, and that generosity does not always go unrewarded. If to this we add, that the work contains highly interesting details of the domestic lives of Louis XVI. and the Royal Family, which create the most powerful sympathies in favour of the royal victims, we shall still give but a feeble idea of its real merits.

Zeal and fidelity seem characteristic virtues hereditary in the family of Clery. The great grandfather of our author was, in 1708, employed in the purchase of horses and forage for the royal stables. The Dutch had laid a plan for carrying off the Dauphin, and had got from Courtry to Versailles without being discovered. The parties lay in wait for the Prince on the Bridge of Scores, and seeing a carriage with the royal arms, containing a person they fancied to be him, they carried it off: it turned out to be the Marquis of Beringham, the King's first equerry. Couriers were dispatched in all directions. Jean Hanet, a man of great stature and prodigious strength, and who was specially protected by the Marquis, requested permission to go also in quest of his master; he fortunately took the right road, and made such haste that he passed the carriage, and giving notice to the Governor of Peronne, when it entered the city the gates were closed and the Marquis was relieved. Louis XIV. was delighted at Hanet's zeal, and honoured him with his notice.—Our author here remarks, that the coruscence, the strength, and agility of this Jean Hanet has been inherited by all the members of the family; and they were serviceable to himself on more occasions than one, as will be seen in the sequel. Hanet's prudence, and the bounty of his master, enabled him to retire and purchase the lordship of Clery, in Normandy, from which the family take the name of Clery. Several of his children followed their father's profession, and were employed in the royal stables. One of them, besides this employment, rented the farm of the Priory of Jardi. He had several children; one of them, Benjamin Caut Hanet, received a good education, and being fond of botany, he got to be employed by M. de Belleville, the King's first gardener. He soon had the care of the hot-houses, and was particularly distinguished by Louis XV. for his zeal and intelligence, who used familiarly to call him his Benjamin. The young gardener fell in love with a very beautiful girl, in the neighbourhood, and counting on his Majesty's bounty, arranged for marrying her, when a singular accident destroyed all his plans. His elder brother had fought a duel, and to avoid prosecution, enlisted: he had joined his regiment, and fallen dangerously ill at Thionville. Benjamin, on learning the news, and knowing that his father would not hear his brother's name pronounced, collected all his little savings, and obtaining leave of absence, under pretext of going to help his father in the purchase of horses in Normandy, set off to Thionville to purchase his brother's discharge. Unfortunately, the very day of his departure the daughter of one of the King's servants at Trianon, was carried off, and as Benjamin was known to present her often with flowers, he was suspected of the abduction. This suspicion appeared certainty when it was ascertained, from the father, that his son had not been to Normandy. Thus a falsehood, which might be thought inno-

cent, caused him to be accused of a crime, and to lose his place at Trianon. The truth was discovered when, a fortnight afterwards, he returned to Versailles, with his brother; but his situation was gone.

Benjamin now turned his attention to agriculture, and married the object of his choice. She was so fine a woman, that she was selected as a wet nurse for the expected Dauphin; but having a fall, by which she knocked out several of her front teeth, the accident rendered her ineligible! It was not, however, an objection for the Princess de Guemenee, who took her to nurse her own child, the Duke de Montbazon. The faithful Clery and Hanet were sons of Benjamin, and by the Princess's interest, Clery became valet de chambre to Louis XVI., and Hanet, to his daughter, the present Duchess of Angouleme.

Benjamin had a good library, and took great care in the instruction of his children; but those books which he esteemed the most, were, *La Maison Rustique* (The Farm-House) and *Robinson Crusoe*. He wished his children to know a little of everything; but he dwelt strongly on the importance of agriculture and the mechanical arts: and after Mrs. Hanet had read a chapter in the bible to the children, Benjamin took care to instil into their minds, that the first kings of the earth had tilled the ground; and he read to them himself every evening a portion of *La Maison Rustique* and *Robinson Crusoe*, with suitable commentaries. "This work," he used to say, "of *Robinson Crusoe*, is the most useful to man of any that has been composed since writing was invented. He learns from it to provide for all his wants, and to be independent of all the world."

"The farmer can do without the learned, the poet, and the musician; but none of them can do without the former. He did not think it enough for us to be acquainted with all the details of cultivation, he taught us how to make all the tools required for common use, and the implements of agriculture. Such an education will only be despised by the frivolous: my father seemed to have a presentiment of the various fortunes reserved for his five children, and that they would be dispersed over the surface of the globe, and had he lived long enough, he would have seen the eldest among the ices of Courland, the youngest with the yellow fever in the torrid zone, and the three others inhabiting Prussia, Poland, Hungary, &c."

Hanet had not long been in the royal favour before his protectress, the Princess of Guemenee, who held the appointment of governess of the children of France retired: this was in consequence of the bankruptcy of the Prince of Guemenee, who had contracted near two millions sterling of debts more than his estates were worth, so that his brother, the Cardinal de Rohan, said, "It is only a King and a Rohan that could make such a bankruptcy."

Madame Campan, in noticing this event, uses the term "bankruptcy," which fires the indignation of M. Hanet, who accuses her of unnecessarily mentioning the misfortunes of the family of Guemenee; a reproach certainly ill-founded: and the very term, "bankruptcy," brings to our recollection a delightful trait in the conduct of the French opera dancers on this occasion, which merits preservation:

The Prince de Soubise was very fond of the opera, and used to have the first performers at his palace, for private balls and concerts, and granted handsome pensions to several of them. On the failure of his noble relative, he was so much affected, that he never went to any place of amusement and gave up all parties.

A consultation was held by the female performers, who had so largely profited by his

princely munificence, and Mademoiselle Guimard, one of them, was authorised to write the following letter:

Letter of Mademoiselle Guimard, and other female dancers of the opera, to the Prince de Soubise.

"MONSIEUR,—My comrades and myself, accustomed to possess you daily at every theatrical representation, have observed, with the deepest regret, that you have weaned yourself, not only from the pleasures of the opera, but that none of us have been called to those frequent suppers in which we had by turns the happiness to please and to amuse you. Common fame has but too well apprised us of the cause of your solitude and your just sorrow. We have been hitherto afraid to trouble it. Our sensibility yielding to our respect, we should not even yet have dared to break silence, without the pressing motive which our delicacy cannot resist.

"We had flattered ourselves, Monsieur, that the *Bankruptcy* (for we cannot avoid using the term, with which the green-room, the circles, the gazettes, France and all Europe resounds), that the bankruptcy of the Prince de Guemenee would not be so enormous as had been announced; that the wise precautions taken by the King to secure to the claimants their demands, to avoid the expense and depredations, more fatal than even the failure itself, would not frustrate the general expectation. But the misfortune is, really, so excessive as to leave no hope: we conclude it to be so from the generous sacrifices which the principal members of your illustrious house have made in imitating your example.

"We should feel ourselves guilty of ingratitude, Monsieur, if we did not imitate you in seconding your humanity; if we did not resign the pensions of which your munificence has been so prodigal towards us. Apply these revenues, Monsieur, to the relief of so many suffering military men—so many poor men of letters—of so many unfortunate servants, whom the Prince de Guemenee has involved in the abyss with him. As to us, we have other resources; we shall have lost nothing, Monsieur, if you continue to honour us with your esteem; we shall even become gainers, if, in at present refusing your bounties, we force our detractors to allow that we were not totally unworthy of them.

"We are, with the profoundest respect, &c.
"From the box of Mademoiselle Guimard,
Friday, 6 December, 1782."

This letter forms a remarkable anecdote in the history of the Stage, and is a noble monument of the generous disinterestedness of a class of persons unjustly reputed to have neither honour nor delicacy; at the same time it fully justifies Madame Campan in the choice of the word "bankruptcy," which, in the French language, simply means insolvency.

Our author attacks Madame Campan in the same place as to the date of an historical event; a matter of small moment, did he not deduce from it an imputation of vanity on the part of Madam Campan, who, however, happens to be right in this instance; but he fully takes his *revanche* elsewhere, where all the advantages are on his side.

Such was the parental affection of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette; that whenever any of the children were ill they were constant attendants in the sick room. They also personally superintended their education; and it is a fact perhaps not generally known, that dissected maps for teaching children geography were invented by Louis XVI., who cut out the respective counties in a map for the use of the Duchess d'Angouleme, to give her a more correct idea of their forms and positions.

"The Abbé Devaux taught Madame Royal—

religion, reading, history, mythology, and geography. It was at the geographical lessons in particular, that the King was regularly present; he even presided at them: it is difficult to imagine a more touching picture. The good King, in order to facilitate the instruction of his daughter in a science which he himself possessed in an eminent degree, cut up the maps, and placed them again on the table before the eyes of his pupil, in the regular order of the four quarters of the globe, and the different kingdoms, states, &c. which compose them. His mode of combining amusement with instruction, made Madame Royale an excellent geographer; her august father was the real inventor of the plan of teaching by dissected maps, since adopted in every seminary in France, and perhaps in Europe.

(Conclusion next week.)

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, June 24.—Sir Wm. Browne's gold medals were last week adjudged as follows:

GREEK ODE—W. Selwyn, St. John's coll.
LATIN ODE—Robert Snow, St. John's coll.
EPIGRAMS—B. H. Kennedy, St. John's coll.

Subjects:—FOR THE GREEK ODE.

'Ανδρῶν ἐπιφανῶν πᾶσα γῆ τάφος.

LATIN ODE.

Academia Cantabrigiensis tot novis adficiis ornata.

GREEK EPIGRAM.

Περιστοι πάντες οι 'ν μέτωψ λόγοι.

LATIN EPIGRAM.—Summum jus, summa injuria. The King has been pleased to appoint the Rev. Professor Henslow, M. A. of St. John's college, to the Regius Professorship of Botany, vacant by the death of Professor Martyn.

At a congregation on Saturday last, the degree of Honorary Doctor in Divinity was conferred upon the Hon. and Rev. Hugh Percy, of St. John's college, Dean of Canterbury.

At the same congregation a grace passed the Senate to confer the degree of Doctor in Divinity, by royal mandate, on the Rev. Chas. Richard Sumner, M. A. of Trinity college, prebendary of Canterbury.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

The Sculpture of the country is certainly on the advance, both as respects encouragement and improvement, though we should not take our opinions either of the one or of the other, from the meagre aspect of this year's productions. It may be, however (as was observed in our last on the paucity of designs in the department of architecture), that our first-rate artists in sculpture were also too much engaged in executing their various commissions, to be anxious to cater for the public gratification, or to keep up the honour and credit of the art. And though the Model Academy is by no means calculated to exhibit the talents of the artist, it is still the same as when it served as a stepping-stone to forward the views and to advance the fame of those who now neglect to participate in the labours of maintaining the fame of their country by exhibiting their best works.

Most, if not all, the standing female figures, are in bad taste, and deserve reprobation; and it is not a little curious that the model of the late John Wesley should appear amidst, (what he would call these heathenish groups) as if in act to censure the idols by which he is surrounded.

No. 1051. Pysche: a Statue in Marble. R. G. Freebairn.—This is certainly a legitimate subject for sculpture, and has long afforded artists the most favourable opportunities for displaying their talents in the light and graceful. There is little of originality in the attitude of the per-

formance under notice; but the artist has wrought it, with sufficient variation to entitle him to credit for a very successful work.

1043. Afflicted peasants: an Alto Relievo in Marble. R. Westmacott, R. A.—Before we censure the taste or choice of the artist, we ought, perhaps, to know the circumstances under which he went to work: it may be, the commission was designed and planned by his employers, in which case a part only, that of the execution, would fall to his share, the redeeming character of which might help out the poverty of the design. How far this may have been the case with Mr. Westmacott we cannot tell; certain we are that the talents of the artist have in other instances shown him fully competent to the beautiful and touching in art; but here we have little or nothing, expressive of the subject, either to perform or exalt it.

1065. A Madona and Child: a Groupe in Marble. R. Westmacott, R. A.—This is a far more favourable specimen of the artist's talents, where the figure of the Madona is seen to great advantage, but least so when viewed in front.

990. A Monumental figure. S. Gahagan.—There are some very clever specimens in this department of sculpture, and which we hope are destined to appear in more permanent materials than clay or plaster. The model of Mr. Gahagan is simple, and truly devotional, and the sentiment of the quotation well kept up.

1046. Sketch for a statue of Dr. Jenner. E. H. Baily, R. A.—Mr. Baily has established his reputation as fully competent to the exalted and to the graceful in sculpture, and though excellence in what is called the classic forms should include the power of excelling in what is termed the inferior, that of the draped figure, yet it does not always happen that the same hand excels in both. But some there are, who (as may be seen in this instance) happily unite the two characters of the familiar and the elevated, and reconcile us, as in the case of Roubiliac's figures, even to the costume of the present time; and such is the character of Mr. Baily's sketch.

1030. Narcissus. W. Scudier.—We have scarcely ever seen a more beautiful model; chaste in design, just in its proportions, and graceful in action, we could wish it had been wrought in more durable materials.

1064. Achilles. R. H. Hughes—A very clever performance, full of the spirit and action which might be supposed to mark the character of that hero under the circumstances described in the quotation.

Marble Bust of the Rev. John Townsend, Founder of the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb Children of the Poor, &c. &c. W. Behnes.—There is a character in this bust which could not fail to fix attention: even if the record of benevolence due to its prototype had not appeared, it would have been an object of regard, both from its excellence as a work of art, and from the unaffected suavity of expression which distinguishes the countenance throughout. Mr. Behnes has several other busts, equally distinguished for the excellence of their execution: among them that of Earl Grey, 1808, is marked by the elevation of its character, and that of Mrs. Thomas Gent, 1836, for its tasteful simplicity of form and feature.

1009. A Bust in Marble of Master Emilus, youngest son of George Watson Taylor, Esq. M. P. E. H. Baily, R. A.—The artist has been very successful in giving to this bust the sweetest character of playful childhood, while at the same time it appears to bear the stamp of individual resemblance.

* 1039. Marble Bust of James Northcote, Esq. R. A. W. Behnes.—The features of Mr. North-

cote has afforded, both to the painter and sculptor, one of the most characteristic heads that can be well imagined. It is said of some individuals, however advanced in years, that they never look old: of this it may be said, did he ever look young? The bust, however, is highly interesting, both from the truth of its resemblance, and its excellence as a work of art.

Among other good Busts there are several by Turnerelli, and one of Miss E. W. Hill, 1823, by J. Hoferman; and 1820, Bust of Ariadne, by T. Kirk.—Of the sculpture department, (apart from the busts) we must end as we began, by lamenting that more of that talent which we know to exist has not been brought into view.

CORREGIO.

THE admirable Corregio which has just been secured for, and placed in, our National Gallery, at the expense of 3,800l. is a picture above all price. This perfect specimen of the master, one of the very few of his works which can be authenticated, belonged to the king of Spain; but was taken away by the Prince of the Peace at the beginning of the Revolution. From Spain it found its way to Rome in the possession of Mr. Wallace; and about twenty years ago was in this country. It afterwards got to Paris, and was the property of Pelleterier the banker, at whose sale it was finally obtained to adorn the National Gallery of England. It is a little picture, not larger than an ordinary window pane; in that small compass lie all the choicest treasures of art. The subject is the Holy Family: the Virgin and Child in the foreground, and Joseph in the distance. It is impossible to do justice to this exquisite production by language. The pencil combines lightness and force; the colouring, sweetness, purity, and harmony; the drapery is grand, and imposes on the mind as if the figures were of the heroic class;—the expression of the Virgin is exquisitely fine, and the child is at once noble in form and charmingly natural. The gradation of the aerial tints is another of the extraordinary merits of this production, which will remain, we trust for ever, to enrich that royal collection to which it has been added, and stand as a test of the works of the unrivalled master from whom it proceeded.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE ANNIVERSARY:—EPIGRAM.
KEEPING TOM'S wedding day, his friends
Boozed till their brains were addled;
They drank his bridal day! Tom sighed,
"That same day I was saddled!" TEUTHA.

STANZAS.

"THY mother is dead!"—An angel band
That moment swept the strings of the lyre;
I heard the notes flowing from Canaan's strand;
And my heart glowed with celestial fire;
"She is not dead," they seemed to say,
But her soul has burst its prison of clay,
And larks in the blaze of eternal day!

"Know, mortal, it is the sovereign will
Of Him who is king of the earth and sky,
That all who on earth his commands fulfil,
Who are faithful in life, are never to die:
They suffer a moment—the pang is done,
The struggle is over—the fight is won;
They stop, and eternity's joys are begun!"

The music ceased; but still, on my ear,
Its soothing impression linger'd long:
Even now, though time thro' many a year
Has fled, I well can recall the song;
And memory brings to my mind again
The softly sweet but awful strain,
Struck from the lyre by that heavenly train.

Yes, man
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“Hail, b
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Yes, many a year has rolled along
Since thou didst pass thro' the dreary way
That leads to heaven, and join the throng
Who swell to their God the grateful lay :
" Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord !
For the rapturous joys these mansions afford,
Be thou for ever and ever adored ! "

O, if thou canst for a moment deign
To return to the place where mortals dwell,
Descend from the skies, and once again
Look on the son thou lov'dst so well !
My hollow cheek is the throne of care,
But a soul of fire's the gem I bear,
And thy image is deeply imprinted there.
Sav, dost thou e'er think on those happy days
When thou wouldest lay my head on thy breast,
And sing to me old and simple lays,
Till, in blessing me, thyself wast blest ?
O God ! how this madd'ning brain does burn,
To think that those days can never return ;
And I mourn their loss—the' I vainly mourn.

D. P. LLEWELLYN.

MUSIC.

PUBLIC CONCERTS.

The concert of Mr. Moscheles on Monday evening (one of the last of the season) was numerously and fashionably attended. Such an assemblage stimulated the artist to the utmost efforts in the exhibition of his unequalled talents. He played four times : viz. his concerto in g minor—in a favourite romance of Blangini, with Mad. Caradori, Kieseewetter, and Bochsa,—an air, with variations, of Mayseder, piano and violin with Kieseewetter,—and lastly an extempore fantasia. The romance of Blangini for piano, harp, voice, and violin, performed by four individuals, each so great, was a musical treat which called forth the most rapturous plaudits. Nothing could possibly have been more flattering than the manner with which Mr. Moscheles was received by the audience. The German children, Schulz, had a concert in the preceding week, in which they displayed their extraordinary powers; the elder on the phiharmonia (their new instrument) and the piano; the younger on the Spanish guitar. Theirs was not mere execution, it was music; as the difficulty of a passage never concealed expression. They fully merit the high patronage which ha been conferred on them.

New Publications.

Beethoven's Grand Symphony in C, arranged for the Pianoforte, with Accompaniments of Flute, Violin, and Violoncello ad libitum. By J. N. Hummel. Chappell and Co.

It is with pleasure that we announce to our readers the publication of this elegant and beautiful composition, the united product of the genius and knowledge of two individuals whose names alone would be sufficient to stamp its character as of the highest order. If Beethoven's last symphony be too long, as is generally admitted of this, his first, we may well say the contrary. Such, at least, is the attraction of its delightful melodies, that it is difficult to sit down to it without playing it over and over again. What can be more animated than the first movement, more pleasing and insinuating than the middle, and more lively and sprightly than the last. The andante wants really nothing but words to make it an expressive aria of Mozart's, or some other great vocal composer. If we were to give an opinion as to the arrangement for the pianoforte, we should say, it does not bear one trace of an arrangement in it; which is the highest praise that can be given to an *adapted* composition. Every passage is perfectly pianoforte-like, and attainable to all, who are not quite beginners.

Hummel has made this symphony in every respect deserving of being placed by the side of Mozart's Six Grand Symphonies, which he arranged in the same masterly style some time ago.

T. Moscheles' Grand Concerto for the Pianoforte, with Accompaniments for an Orchestra, Op. 59. Chappell and Co.

Though this concerto was composed long before that in g minor, and that in e, it is, however, the last published. If Mr. Moscheles were to name any one of his works the "non plus ultra," as Dussek and Woelfl did, none of his compositions would have such a just claim to this rather equivocal title than the present. We do not mean to give it the preference so much for intrinsic worth, however great that may be, as for its extraordinary brilliancy, not to say difficulties. This applies particularly to the last movement, the allegretto, in the polacca style, a slight inspection of which will show what a player he must be who could thus compose for his own performance. So far, however, from wishing to deter the student from attempting such a work, we would rather strongly recommend it to him, both as a masterly composition, and an excellent exercise or lesson.

J. B. Cramer's Eighth Grand Concerto for the Pianoforte, &c. Op. 70. Bookey and Co.

Mr. CRAMER, even when writing concertos, which in their very nature open a wide door for difficulties, always steers clear of extremes, and never fails to preserve the same character as a composer, which he bears with so much honour as a performer. This concerto being written in the minor mode may not perhaps be found so pleasing as some which precede it; yet it deserves in every respect to stand in the series with them. It may be called his farewell concerto, as he played it for his last *public* appearance.

In the multiplicity of *vocal* compositions, we have been most attracted by the following three of the indefatigable Bishop :

" Oh ! Saul ! Oh King !" the celebrated scene sung by Miss Stephens in the musical drama of Faustus.

" Come Love to me !" a romance in the same drama, and sung by the same lady.

The Savoyard Glee in the historical play of William Tell. They are published by Goulding and Co. All three bear the character of the able composer, and are also distinguished by novelty of idea.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

NEW ZEALAND CHIEF.

It should appear that the intercourse between the potentates of the northern and the southern hemispheres, is likely to become much more frequent than could, a few years ago, have been contemplated. The visit of the King of the Sandwich Islands, some time since, made a sensation in London; and about two months ago a Chief of the New Zealand Isles arrived in Liverpool. The name of this Chief is Tepahé, and it may be truly said, that he has intruded himself into his Majesty's dominions. As Captain Roberts, master of a ship belonging to Liverpool, was sailing along the coast of the Sandwich Islands, his vessel was approached by two war-canoes full of men. Alarmed at this hostile appearance, Mr. Roberts ordered his men to their quarters, and prepared for any contingency. On the canoes nearing his ship, he made signs to the savages to keep off. A chief then appeared on the bow of the nearest canoe, who, stripping off his mantle, extended his arms and pointed to his crews, indicating that they were all naked and

unarmed. Captain R. having ascertained, by a view from the main-top, that they had no weapons in the bottom of their boats, permitted them to come along side, when Tepahé sprung up the main-chains, rushed on deck, and making up to the captain, firmly grasped both his wrists, and joined his own nose to his. Mr. R. was at first startled; but soon judged, as was the fact, that this is the mode of friendly salutation among the Sandwich Islanders. Tepahé then spoke a speech, which Mr. R. did not understand, but made signs to him that he must leave the ship instantly. On his refusing to comply with this requisition, Mr. R. ordered four of his crew to throw him overboard; when the chief, perceiving their intentions, threw himself prostrate on the deck, and grasped a ring-bolt with such strength, that the four seamen could not make him loose his hold. In this emergency the carpenter proposed to knock him on the head with his axe; but this Captain Roberts, a gentleman of most exemplary humanity, would not permit, and ordered his men to desist from their attempt to disengage him from his holdfast. Tepahé then rose, and going to the side of the vessel, said something to the crews of his war-boats, in consequence of which they paddled off with great speed, leaving their chief to the disposal of the captain, who was extremely embarrassed by this compulsory reception of so unwelcome a guest.

Tepahé, when all chance of his being expelled from the ship seemed to be done away, contrived to make Captain Roberts understand that his object in thus throwing himself on board his vessel was, to take a voyage to England for the purpose of visiting King George, from whom he intended to beg a number of muskets and a quantity of gunpowder, to enable him to meet on equal terms a neighbouring chief, who having procured arms and ammunition from Port Jackson, had defeated him in battle, had taken one of his sons prisoner, and eaten him. The appearance of the chief was very striking. He is about five feet ten inches in height; his shoulders broad and compact; the depth of his chest indicates extraordinary strength, and his arms would afford a model for a statue of Hercules. His face is tattooed all over; but in spite of this disfigurement, it is handsome. His hair is jet black, and his eyes lively, but not fierce. The docility of his temper was soon proved, by his readily submitting to be clothed in an European dress in lieu of his mat, which his people had thrown after him when he sprang on board the ship. He was very conformable to the habits of the captain and the crew, with whom he soon became a favourite. One of the seamen, however, in a thoughtless moment, made a rash experiment upon him. Having learnt that putting the hand upon the head of a New Zealander is an insult equivalent to that which an Englishman feels when his nose is nulled, he approached Tepahé, when he was walking the quarter-deck, and patted him on the head. The eyes of the chief instantly flashed fire. He seized the offender, a very stout man, by the wristband and the collar, lifted him above his head to the utmost stretch of his arms, and after shaking him for a few moments, dashed him on the deck with such violence, that he was under the surgeon's care for bruises and contusions for several days. During the course of the voyage, Tepahé had a signal occasion of testifying his gratitude and attachment to Captain Roberts. The captain one stormy day fell overboard, when his guest instantly plunged into the waves, swam to him, and supported him till a boat was hoisted out, which brought them both back in safety to the ship.

Soon after his arrival in Liverpool, where he es-

established his quarters at the captain's house, Tepahé was taken ill of the measles, and was attended by Dr. Traill, under whose skilful management he soon recovered. The doctor having thought it expedient to bleed him, he readily submitted to the operation; and when the basin was nearly filled with blood, he intimated that blood was a delicious beverage. He has, however, promised to cease from cannibalism, and to cause his subjects to cease from it when he returns to his own country. It may be doubted, however, whether he will keep his word, as he still talks with pleasure of the relish of a human leg, which, according to his representation, is reckoned a prime repast by a New Zealand gourmand. He has already obtained a small collection of arms, one gentleman having made him a present of ten muskets, and others of two or three braces of pistols. These weapons are a source of great delight to him; he spends much time in cleaning them, and has made himself complete master of the art of taking off and replacing the locks. He is, indeed, very ingenious. A painter having taken his likeness, he was much dissatisfied because the tattooing was not accurately drawn; and taking a black lead pencil, without the aid of a glass, he made a complete and correct map of his face, representing every curve and every minute speck of the ornamental punctures by which his countenance is marked. Of these he has made many copies, of one of which, the writer of the present article is in possession, having received it from him as a testimony of his friendship. His manners, indeed, are very courteous; he is very observant of the habits of the new society into which he is thrown, and having been occasionally introduced by Dr. Traill to the tables of some of the first people in Liverpool, he uniformly conducts himself with dignity and ease. On the representation of the Doctor, communicated to Lord Bathurst by Mr. Gladstone, the member for Woodstock, the Government have assigned Captain Roberts a small weekly allowance for his support; but Tepahé is very much dissatisfied, because, though he has taken so long a voyage for the pleasure of becoming acquainted with King George, his Majesty declines to see him, or to provide him with any munitions of war.

DRAMA.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

On Thursday evening Mayerbeer's new opera, *Il Crociato in Egitto*, was produced for the first time, and introduced to the public Signor Velluti. We have not room to enter into the merits of the opera at length this week; but we may briefly state, that though the melodies are remarkable for their sweetness and grace, the prevailing character of the opera is grandeur. The style of Mayerbeer is florid, and often seems modelled on that of Rossini.

Of Signor Velluti it is not easy to speak; and very difficult to describe the effect of his voice. It is not remarkable for compass, too unnatural to be always agreeable in quality, and sometimes even approaches to a scream. It formed a ludicrous contrast with the bass of Remorini, in one of the songs, and provoked the general laughter of the audience. To make up for other disadvantages, however, Signor Velluti is a musician of the first order: his style is pure and elegant, his ornaments beautiful and appropriate, and his manner full of tender expression. He was indulgently received by a crowded audience; but there was by no means sufficient strength in the cast to do justice to the opera.

POLITICS.

The House of Commons resembles the elephant, which can pick up a pin and move a 24-pounder; for, all the week it has been debating about a justice's warrant, in a case where a farmer mistook another man's sheep for his own, as well as legislating upon questions of great national importance. A change in the Spanish Ministry, and the continuance of contradictions from Greece, are all we hear of abroad.

VARIETIES.

Horticultural Society.—On Thursday, in last week, the Anniversary of this nationally beneficial Society was held at the Freemason's Tavern. Between three and four hundred persons sat down to dinner; but on this occasion the dessert is the chief attraction. It consisted of a fine show of fruits, but we observed nothing very peculiar. Strawberries, about the size of two walnuts, were more remarkable for bulk than flavour. Some good varieties of pine-apples and grapes were produced; and peaches, apricots, cherries, &c. completed the service.

Africa.—Major Laing has sailed for Tripoli, whence his design is to travel to Timbuctoo, and explore the Niger.

A friend of Mr. Varley writes to us, that though his dwelling-house and furniture have unfortunately been consumed by the late fire in Oxford-street, the study, together with his valuable collection of pictures, has escaped its ravages; and, farther, that the whole of this admired artist's original sketches from nature have been preserved.

Agriculture.—We observe in the *Kelso Mail* newspaper, that a Mr. Finlayson, of East Lothian, has obtained a patent for a new harrow, called "self-cleaning," which is an important improvement in the cultivation of land. Its chief merits are, that it requires less labour than the common harrow, that it destroys the weeds deeper, that it throws them on the surface without becoming choked, that it pulverizes the earth more effectually, and that it can, in a moment be regulated to work at any necessary depth.

Longevity.—A person of the name of Leonardo Barbaro died lately at Oppido in Calabria, at the great age of 116. He preserved all his faculties to the last.

The late King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands.—An historical romance has just been published at Paris, called, "Tameha, the Queen of the Sandwich Islands." The story is as follows:—Tamehameha, the King of the Sandwich Islands, and Tameha, his wife, are in London. The beauty of the two savages makes a tender impression; that of the one, on the heart of a Lady Barrington—that of the other, on the heart of a Sir Henry Graham; Sir Henry being leader of the fashion, and the charming Barrington the most seducing quætte in England. Tameha is invincible; but Tamehameha is subdued. After a variety of intrigues and adventures, Tameha dies of grief for the infidelity of her husband; and Tamehameha of remorse, for having thus caused the death of his wife!

Silk-Worms.—At Piedmont they breed two kinds of silk-worms; one kind (the more abundant of the two) producing yellow silk, the other white. In France, besides these two varieties, there is a third, bred in the neighbourhood of Alais, introduced fifty years ago from China, by order of the French government, and which produces silk of the most perfect whiteness. These last, however, are by no means so profitable as the first-mentioned kinds, as they spin but a small quantity of silk in proportion to the quantity of leaves they consume,

Patent Houses, &c.—Mr. Burridge, author of *Dry-rot*, &c. has, it is stated to us, just obtained patents for making improved ventilating bricks, stones, &c. in various new moulds, capable of admitting free currents of pure air to all parts of buildings, particularly to the ends of beams and joists, between floors, roofs, &c. The object in view is, if possible, to render wood as durable as walls.

Broken Hearts.

BROKEN faith, and broken glass;

Broken legs and arms are seen;

But for broken hearts, we pass

To what are not, and ne'er have been. s. l.

On Queen Dido.

ALAS! poor Dido, in what shocking plight
Your husband's fates have left you:
Since one by dying caused your flight,
And t'other's flight of life bereft you.

Epitaph—from Boileau.

Here lies, regretted by us all,
A skilful man, of science small;
A gentleman, tho' not of birth;
A worthy man, tho' little worth.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * A pressure of matter compels us this week to postpone VII. of the *Parrot*; and to abridge other articles prepared for publication.

R. R. had better write to *Mary direct*, though his lines are pretty enough.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

CLOSE of the EXHIBITION SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS. Suffolk-Street, Pall-Mall East. The Exhibition for the Sale of the Works of living Artists of the United Kingdom, will close on Saturday next, the 9th of July instant.—Admittance 1s.—Catalogue 1s.

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